

December 18

The Chief Secret

will preside over a General Festival to be given in Euclid Ave., Methodist Church, Toronto, by the Temple Band, Street; and Toronto Loyalists.

MONDAY, Dec. 18, at 8 p.m.
The Staff Band Male Chorus will sing.

T.H.Q. NOON-DAY KNEE-DRILL

Tues., Dec. 19, Major Flaherty.
Fri., Dec. 22, Major Miller.
Tues., Dec. 26, Staff-Capt. Ainsworth.
Fri., Dec. 29, Major Turner.

MAJOR SINGO

SHERBROOKE, DEC. 2nd to 23rd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SINGO PARIS, DEC. 16 and 17.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON

The Praying League Secretary.

RIVERDALE,

Sunday Evening, January 7, 1917.

WANTED.—Young women offer themselves as candidates for the Women's Social Work. Special training will be given for each branch of work. Apply direct to your Provincial or Divisional Commander, or write to Mrs. Mapp at Toronto.

NEW OFFICERS' GOOD SHOW

A Special Visit.

Adjt. and Mrs. Ritchie have received a hearty welcome to the Glace Bay Mines, and are hard at work for God and the Corps. We had a visit from Major and Mrs. McLean, Adjt. Jaynes, and the Glace Bay Band. This was enjoyed by all, and our happiness was only marred by the thought of parting with our Divisional commanders.

Bro. and Sister Foster's life one was dedicated to God and the Army by Adjutant Ritchie in the afternoon of their welcome this day. Six souls surrendered on recent night.—"Correspondent."

A NEWSPAPER TRIBUTE

Referring to Ensign and Mr. Johnstone's farewell from Prince Rupert, a local paper says in eulogy of their work: "Both the north (Dawson City) and this city the Ensign and his wife have rendered very valuable services, and this community regard their departure with regret. They have been foremost in every good work, and many have received the benefit of their practical energy, advice, and assistance. The present Citadel was erected during the Ensign's command."

On November 18th Captain Forrester left Winnipeg to attend the Training College. We shall miss him in the Corps, but remember the best interests of the war.

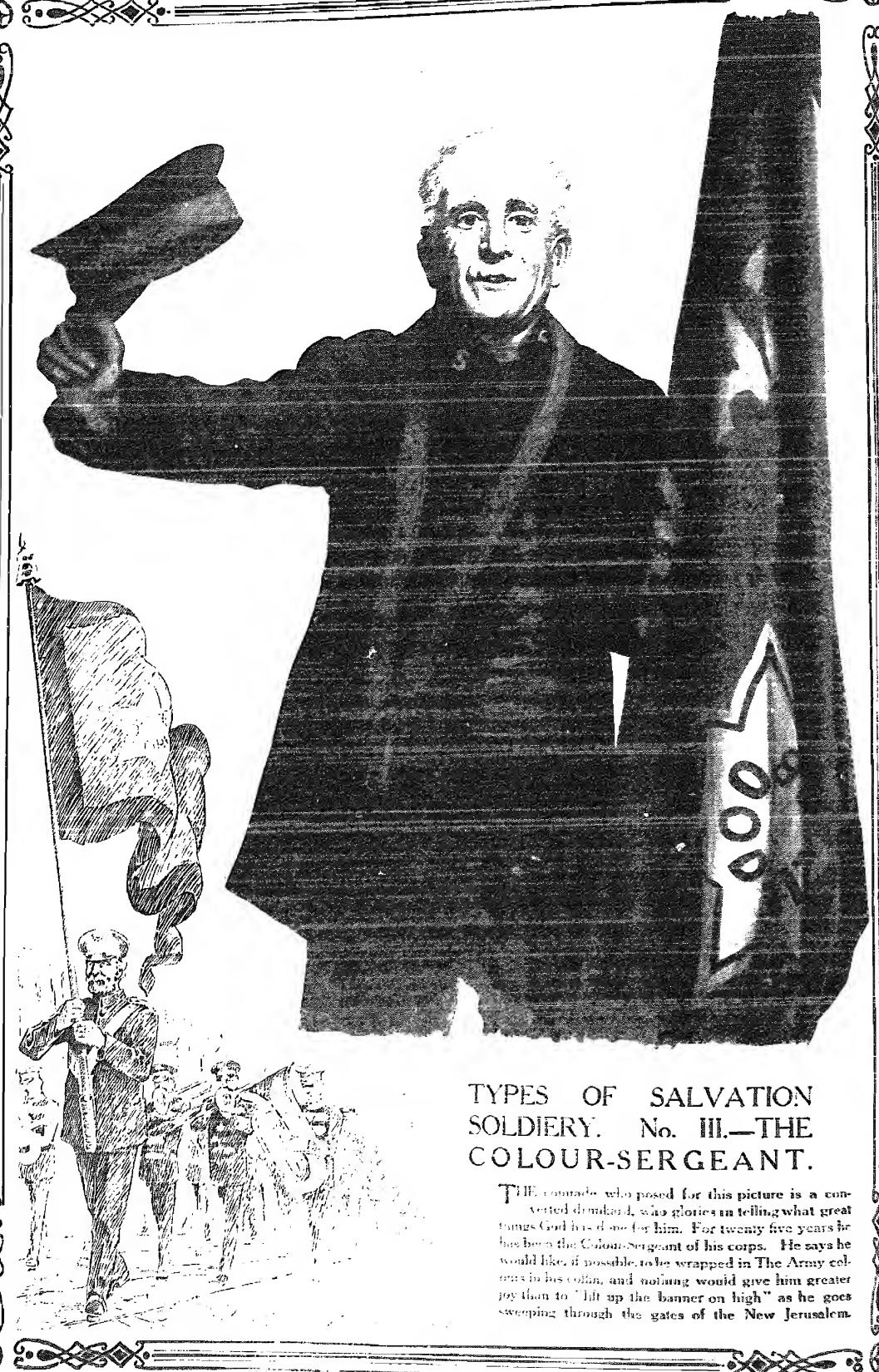
On Nov. 20th the Band, No. III, gave us a musical evening which was a good success. Point of crowds and funds. One interested.

Five sons sought safety in Yorkville on Sunday, Dec.



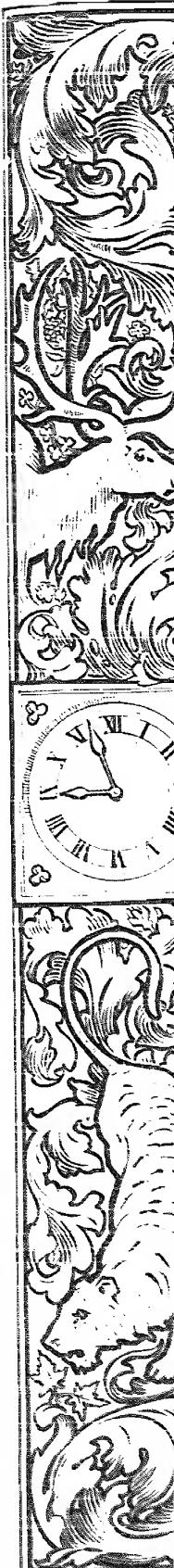
THE MACMILLAN

PRICE
10c



TYPES OF SALVATION
SOLDIERY. No. III.—THE
COLOUR-SERGEANT.

THE comrade who posed for this picture is a converted drunkard, who glories in telling what great things God has done for him. For twenty-five years he has been the Colour-Sergeant of his corps. He says he would like, if possible, to be wrapped in The Army colours in his coffin, and nothing would give him greater joy than to "lift up the banner on high" as he goes sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem.



ALL ROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE GENERAL.

BY COLONEL KITCHING.

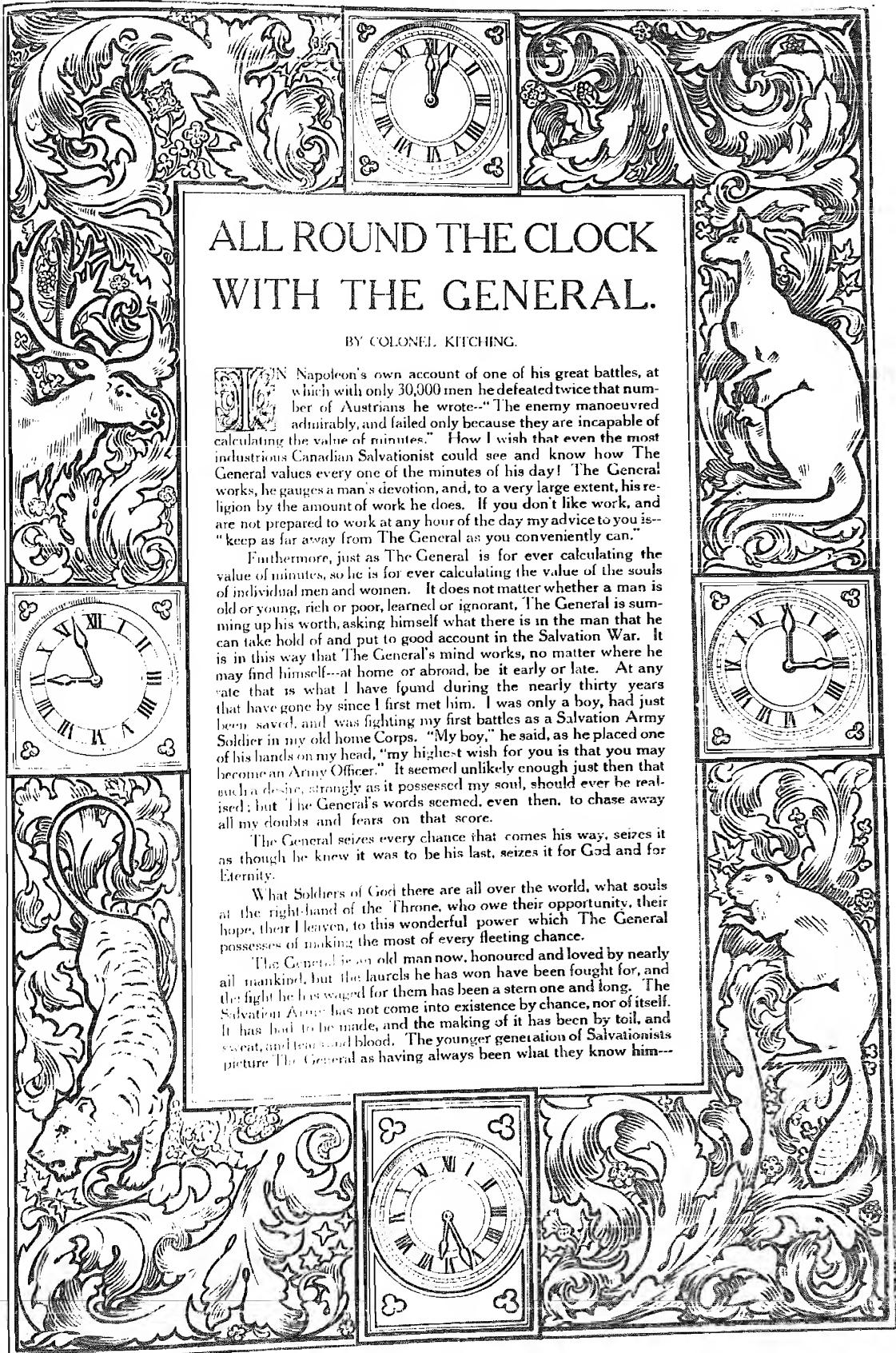
IN Napoleon's own account of one of his great battles, at which with only 30,000 men he defeated twice that number of Austrians he wrote--"The enemy manoeuvred admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes." How I wish that even the most industrious Canadian Salvationist could see and know how The General values every one of the minutes of his day! The General works, he gauges a man's devotion, and, to a very large extent, his religion by the amount of work he does. If you don't like work, and are not prepared to work at any hour of the day my advice to you is--"keep as far away from The General as you conveniently can."

Furthermore, just as The General is for ever calculating the value of minutes, so he is for ever calculating the value of the souls of individual men and women. It does not matter whether a man is old or young, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, The General is summing up his worth, asking himself what there is in the man that he can take hold of and put to good account in the Salvation War. It is in this way that The General's mind works, no matter where he may find himself--at home or abroad, be it early or late. At any rate that is what I have found during the nearly thirty years that have gone by since I first met him. I was only a boy, had just been saved, and was fighting my first battles as a Salvation Army Soldier in my old home Corps. "My boy," he said, as he placed one of his hands on my head, "my highest wish for you is that you may become an Army Officer." It seemed unlikely enough just then that such a desire, strongly as it possessed my soul, should ever be realised; but The General's words seemed, even then, to chase away all my doubts and fears on that score.

The General seizes every chance that comes his way, seizes it as though he knew it was to be his last, seizes it for God and for Eternity.

What Soldiers of God there are all over the world, what souls at the right-hand of the Throne, who owe their opportunity, their hope, their heaven, to this wonderful power which The General possesses of making the most of every fleeting chance.

The General is an old man now, honoured and loved by nearly all mankind, but the laurels he has won have been fought for, and the fight he has waged for them has been a stern one and long. The Salvation Army has not come into existence by chance, nor of itself. It has had to be made, and the making of it has been by toil, and sweat, and tears, and blood. The younger generation of Salvationists picture The General as having always been what they know him--



grey-haired and full of days—forgetting that when he took his stand on that East London wall, and stuck out on what, in the judgment of the world, looked like an impossible path, he was only a young man of 36; an age when most men are mainly concerned with their temporal comforts and prospects.

In those days, and for many years to come happily, The General was able to face degrees of physical toil and strain which would be too much for him now, and what his days must have been to his wife, to those who helped him, and to himself, it is difficult even to imagine. Even in my day I remember an officer who had for some time acted as his Secretary, telling a party of Officers over the tea-table that on one occasion when travelling with The General they occupied rooms, one of which opened out of the other. Early in the morning the sleeping Secretary was awakened by a hand on his shoulder and a voice which asked: "Now then, are you going to stay in bed all day?" The voice was the voice of The General, who was already dressed and on his way downstairs; the time was 5 o'clock in the morning.

Quite recently I came across an old "War Cry" containing an account of some of The General's doings on his first Canadian journey. One of the illustrations was of three hapless individuals—Commissioner, then Colonel Bowles, Major Viat, and The General, bags in their hands, making their way along a dark street in the dead of the night. The foot-line underneath read: "Off to the United States at three o'clock in the morning."

Ane of my own earliest personal recollections of travelling with The General is associated with a 2 a.m. change at a dismal French railway junction, standing shivering looking after the baggage as I tried to rub my poor eyes awake, a fruitless search for a note-book which "hang it all!" I had left in the train, an effort to inspire ourselves with half-and-half coffee, and a brave endeavour to "take down" a letter to The Chief from The General's dictation on the back of an envelope.

"But that was years ago," you say, "Yes, and of course times have changed, and it is not in the nature of things that at 82 he can ramble along at quite the same pace as he could at 32, but for all that, and even since I has been his custom to breakfast in his own room, I do mean to say that there are not many days that pass by when The General is not seen to face with half a dozen or more kindly problems, thinking his way safe or round, or over, the many difficulties with which he ever finds himself confronted long before every people have only lived half his years. He's done much more than pull the "sleepy-dust" out of their eyes. Whether in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australia, The General's mode of living hardly varies. "Simplicity" is the key-note of it all. "Tea and buttered toast" sounds an almost impossible breakfast menu for an old man who knew that before him is a long, hard day, but The General thrives on it, his only variation or luxury of that meal being perhaps a boiled egg.

"After breakfast read a while," the old-fashioned rhyme-prayer runs, but at The General's house the rule is "After breakfast, prayers," the main purpose of the prayers being that he may have strength and wisdom for the day's work that is before him. "Prayers" include, of course, the reading of the prescribed portion from "The Soldier's Guide," sometimes followed by a little homily suggested by the reading in question.

The General's first and most regular visitor there like clock-work is Mr. Braundell Booth, The Chief of the Staff. He may leave with him a hundred and one different packages; but most of them will be problems. For an hour, perhaps a couple of hours, careful and thoughtful discussion follows.

"I must fly," says The Chief, as he looks at his watch, and, giving The General a "good-bye" salute, the last words he hears as he closes the garden gate. The General standing at the door, are burdened with weighty directions concerning some large affairs, or concerned with some personal interest he is feeling in one or other of our comrades in different parts of the world.

Then The General turns to his desk. Before him is a pile of important letters from half the countries of the world; at his right hand the proofs of a book shortly to be

passed through the press, as well as an article for our old friend "The War Cry," while at his left there are some manuscript notes to help him in an interview he is to have tomorrow.

In response to the touch of the bell lying near at hand, a secretary enters the room, and The General pencils with his dictation.

Messengers arrive from Headquarters, telegrams from there and elsewhere, and the call of a Pressman who has come from town on the off-chance of finding The General "at home" occupy the rest of the morning.

Then dinner. Of what does it consist?

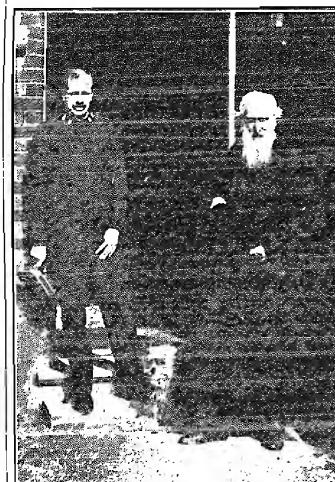
The plainest of fare, of that you may be sure. Today it is vegetable soup, macaroni, cheese, and some unsweetened rice pudding. Nothing to drink? Not even a cup of coffee?

After dinner "rest a while" so The General goes to his room where he has a short nap. This has been his custom for many years, and his ability to keep at work during the remainder of the day is largely dependent upon it.

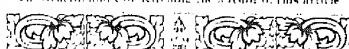
Then more work—writing, thinking, interviewing, work, work, work!

At tea-time plain fare again—a couple of Commissioners join him, taking instructions upon various matters of policy affecting the happiness and usefulness of perhaps a million souls. Or, as was the case when I called the other day, half a dozen children





The General and Col. R. C. Jackson, author of this article



two of them his grandchildren, the others the family of an Officer who lives near by—are "having tea with The General." They are drinking the tea and enjoying the cake, but their eyes, after every bite and every sip, turn towards that white head which "all men love."

After tea he tells them, as they stand around his knee, of his hopes for them all, urges them to learn their lessons well, to speak kindly to all, to write so that what they write can be read, and, most of all, to love God and seek to please Him with all their hearts. Lucky children to be so near, to see so near, to touch The General, whom they adore!

Then The General goes to the door-step he calls Gyp, who seems to love his master almost as well as the children do, bounds and leaps, and jumps delightedly. The General takes leave off for a walk. But this joy is short in duration, for The General's thoughts are still at his desk, and the unfinished work that lies there. In every way a good boy. The General is "at home" now with the gas lit, the curtains drawn, his slippers on, his pen in his hand, and his mind on his work.

Sixty o'clock strikes eight—nine—but The General works on. The door opens. "Well General, what sort of a day have you

had?" asks the Chief, as he comes in, looking as though he would drop with fatigue and, handing him some more proofs, some more letters, begins at once to talk some more problems.

It is often eleven sometimes later before The General mounts the stairs and turns in. But even then that does not necessarily mean to sleep; the perplexities and difficulties that have arisen may keep him tossing for hours in the darkness, longing for the dawn, and wondering what the day will bring forth.

The portrait to be found in the pictorial section shows The General and the Chief of the Staff together. They seem indissolubly united, these two men, upon whose shoulders falls so heavy a weight. Since The Amo Mother was taken from The General's side and that is now 21 years ago, the Chief has more and more as the days have gone by made himself a partner in The General's sorrows as well as his joys. "Whatever would The Army do without The General?" is a question we often hear asked, but the question that comes far more frequently is my own mind is "Whatever would The General do without the Chief?" Never had a Commander-in-Chief a more trusted Chief of the Staff, never had a father a more loyal and a loving eldest son than The General has in Braundell Booth, and never probably were there two men so keenly set on the attainment of the same great object.

A DRUNKARD AND OUTCAST.

Now Foreman of a Factory, a model husband and Father, and a Good Salvationist.

COLOUR-SERGEANT Jackson, of Victoria B.C., is an Irishman by birth, his native town being Dungannon, in County Tyrone. He had all the advantages of a Christian home but in spite of this he early started on a wild, downward career. Reckless of home, restraint, and desiring to "see life," he left home and sailed for America. Landing at New York, he found himself a stranger in a strange land. After spending some time there and getting more and more in the grip of the demon Drunk, he decided to go further west. Eventually he arrived in Winnipeg. He stayed there for a year and then went to British Columbia, where he浪ered around for three years, first in one camp and then in another. At length he reached Victoria where his people had emigrated to. His downward progress had been rapid, and by this time he was a confirmed drunkard and so disreputable he had become that his own people would have nothing to do with him. He had no money, where to go, and demands most of the time, till at last very few saloon-keepers would allow him inside their doors.

One night while on a drunken spree which had lasted three days, he went to The Army Hall. As the meeting went on the Spirit of God awakened his better feelings, and when a Comrade came and spoke to him he went out to the mercy-seat sobbing like a child. There the poor drunkard and outcast, without a cent in his pocket and without a friend in the world, found the greatest of all Friends—the one that sticks closer than a brother. On rising to his feet he said, "No matter what happens, I'll tell the whole way!" In spite of all the ups and downs of life, he has ever remained true to his vow. Although many gave him only a week to stand yet, to-day, after twenty years of faithful service in The Army, he is as determined to go on as ever.

God has wonderfully prospered him shortly after his conversion he started to work in a factory. He is now the foreman.

For eighteen years he was the drummer of the Corps, also holding the position of Secretary. Last January he was commissioned as Colour-Sergeant. Thirteen years ago he was married to Sister Porter who was transferred from the Junior to the Senior Bell on the same day that he was enrolled as a Soldier.

His home is a model of what a Salvation Army home should be. Three children have come to bless it, the eldest boy being a member of the Y. P. Band.

Truly, Colour-Sergeant Jackson is a diamond in the rough, and to-day he is a respected and valued Soldier of The Salvation Army.

[Note: This story belongs to the Colour-Sergeant Jackson, found on pages 7 and 8; and the same events are mentioned on page 10.]

THE ORIGIN



St. Nicholas and the poor Noddywax of Scotland

HAD world Christmas the way Santa Claus' Ruth and young delight in that my persons whose joy, and roundness, even the eyes, glowing render, are so closely associated with the generosity and mirth of this.

The forerunner of Santa Claus was Velho of Patara, who lived in the tenth century, the name having, during the passing of the centuries, changed from Santa Nicholas to Santa Claus.

The first picture illustrates the custom of the Christmas stocking, the origin of which has been thus described: A poor nobleman of Patara, who had three daughters, had sunk into great poverty. St. Nicholas heard of his distress, and passing by the house one night found a window open and dropped in a purse of gold. This he did three times, once for each daughter, and the third time the grateful nobleman caught him in the act.

Hence has come the custom of placing gifts in stockings when the owner is not near.

Christmas would not seem to be Christmas to the young people without a spangled candy tree and the illustration of the Christmas tree is based on an account of one by a visitor to Strasbourg, in Alsace in 1600. The tree itself was not lighted; paper, bees, apples, sugar-plums, hung from its branches; toys and presents were laid out on the table. The Christmas tree was introduced from Germany into England at the time of Queen Victoria's reign, and since then has become a part of Christmas wherever the English language is spoken.

The Salvation Army make the feature to be a great feature of the festival, prepared for the poor children of the great cities of the world.



The Christmas Tree at Strasbourg

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.



St. Nicholas visiting the poor (Fourteenth Century).

The Christmas box, as we know it now, is a relic of the custom in ancient Catholic days of placing a box in each church to receive alms throughout the year. On the day after Christmas, the whole collection was distributed among the poor. The following verses on this topic appeared in The Illustrated London News for 1899, from which periodically we reproduce the pictures that appear on this page.

It is the Christmas morrow;
The ground lies deep in snow.
Come hither, ye that sorrow,
All ye that hunger know.

Hither to Christ's own portal,
Ye maid'n and halt and blind;
Hither, where love immortal
Makes mortal love more kind.

On yester-morn rejoicing
We haile the heavenly birth
And sang sweet carols, voicing
Peace and goodwill on earth:

Goodwill and loving-kindness,
And peace to all men born
And light to lighten blindness,
And joy to them that mourn.

This day our gifts we offer,
Each day, all through the year



Christmas Fare for the poor and needy (Thirteenth Century).

In the castle kitchen wide
See My Lady standing there,
With her maidens at her side,
Dealing doles of Christmas fare.
Loaf and capon, goose and fitch,
Serk and beggar throng'd to take
At the portals of the rich,
Onee a year for Jesus' sake.

Waits, in ancient times were watchmen; and the name of "waits" was given to minstrels on the King's court whose duty it was to patrol the streets at night and proclaim the hour. When the waits became town musicians instead of court pages, they were sometimes civic servants, employed as night watchmen, and sometimes as night minstrels who looked to private gift for a living.

In these days customs have changed and now the most popular form of waits, perhaps, is that of The Salvation Army Bands, which on Christmas eve, play in the streets, and certainly it is very delightful in "the wee, small oore beyond the twy" to be awakened by music from instruments playing "Christians Awake!" or "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and other old Christmas carols which are sung in every British possession.

We trust however, that the observance of these good old customs will not end with merely good cheer and human rejoicings, but that all will look away beyond them to the Divine Person Whose birth these customs celebrate, and that all observances will be in the spirit of peace on earth and love to our Redeemer beyond the skies. This spirit will manifest itself in adoring Christ by prayer and praise, and confirming those of the great human family with the necessities they stand in need of. A cup of cold water given in His Name will not lose its reward.



The Christmas Box in old Catholic days (Fourteenth Century).

Cast into Christ's own coff'er,
In sign that Christ is here,

All ye that hear the burden,
Ye poor and needy, take
Our Christmas gifts and gherdon,
Given for Christ His sake,

From the same source we also take the following verses which relate to customs of distributing Christmas fare amongst the poor and needy. Throughout the world The Salvation Army distributes nearly a million Christmas meals:

Even in the fierce old days,
Days of torture and of strife,
When in dark and devilish ways
Kings took toll of human life,
When the scaffold and the stake
Bare with blood and shrieked with pain
Once a year for Jesus' sake,
Love usurp'd the tyrant's reign.

Once a year the feudal lord
Fed the hungry at his gate;
Idle left the axe, the sword,
All the instruments of hate,

At the season of his birth
Whom the King of Love men call,
Kindness ruled awhile on earth:
Love united but and hall.



Night Watchmen or Waits (Fifteenth Century).



The Christmas Tree at Strasburg (1584).

Chief, as he comes in looking
he would drop with fatigue
him some more proofs, some
begins at once to talk some

seven, sometime later, before
counts the stairs and turns in
that does not necessarily mean
plexities and difficulties that
may keep him tossing for hours
longing for the dawn, and
at the day will bring forth,
to be found in the pictorial
The General and the Chief of
them. They seem indissolubly
two men, upon whose shoulders
a weight. Since The Army
left from The General's side,
21 years ago, the Chief has
as the days have gone by,
a partner in The General's
all as his joys. "Whatever
you do without The General?"
we often hear asked, but he
comes far more frequently to
"Whatever would The Gen-
eral the Chief?" Never had a
Chief a more trusted Chief or
had a father a more loyal
old son than The General
of Booth, and never probably
so men so keenly set on the
the same great object.

ARD AND OUTCAST.

Factory, a model husband
and a Good Salvationist.

GEANT Jackson, of Victoria, Irlsman by birth, his native
mann in County Tyrone, he
ananges of a Christian Home
this he early started on a
career. His less of home
esiring to "see life," he left
for America. Landing in
found himself a stranger in

After spending some time
more and more in the
ion drink, he decided to go
eventually he arrived in Win-
there for a year and then
Columbia, where he knocked
years, first in one camp
other. At length he reached
his people had emigrated to
cess had been rapid, and
was a confirmed drunkard
able had he become that he
ould have nothing to do with
around where he could
the time, till at last very few
would allow him inside their

ile on a drunken spree
red three days, he went on

As the meeting went on
awakened his better feel-
A Comrade came and spoke
to the mercy-seat sobbing
were the poor drunkard and
a cent in his pocket, and
in the world, found the
ends, the one that stickled
other. On rising to his feet
what happens, I will go

In spite of all the ups and
has ever remained true to
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ok-to-day, after twenty years
e in the Army, he is as de-
as ever.

wonderfully prospered him
is conversion he started to
y. He is now the foreman
years he was the drummer
so holding the position of
January he was promoted
Sergeant. Thirteen years
ried to Sister Porter, who
from the Junior to the
the same day that he was
her.

model of what a Salvation-
be. Three children have
the eldest boy being a mem-
and.

Sergeant Jackson was a
rough, and to-day he is a
lued Soldier of The Sal-
vation Army.

ngs to the Colour Sergeant's wife,
and the same conditions apply.



The IMMIGRANT LUMBER-JACK



[N the lee of the Douglas fir-trees, in the midst of the tamaracks tall
Where the spruce and the cedars flourish, and the snows of the north-land fall,
Is the camp of the strong-arm'd woodsmen; who, running their sectional lines,
Go blazing the trail over mountain and dale
Felling the tall, ancient pines.

'Twas a day when no ax-blows were ringing, when no logs on the roll-way slid,
And the cant-hooks were stuck'd in a corner; there was silence on travoy and skid;
For 'twas Christmas, and, e'en in the forest, mankind from their daily toil stay'd
To rejoice o'er the birth of the Saviour on earth who once in a manger was laid.

To the frost-lad' air of the heavens, the smoke from the cook-camp fil'd,
While the men, on the shanty-seats, chatted; or sang of the star-amount'd child.
By the stove sat a lumber-jack reading—an immigrant Englishman, he;
Who smil'd as he said, when the letter he'd read, "Tis from dear ones over the sea."

Then his mind became flooded with memories of days that were evil and dread,
When he sat in the midst of his children, while the family was moaning for bread.
How he tramp'd from grey dawn till darkness in the wet, o'er the cold pavement stones;
And, in vain, all the day, he sought work to earn pay that would silence his hungry ones' groans.

He was born in a Devonshire hamlet and was bred on a west-country farm.



He was bless'd with the thiefs of a giant, and was guiltless of vices and harm;
But he dreaded to die in the poor-house—where his fathers as paupers had died—
So to better his lot—which he found he did not—went to London to work and abide.
But hard was his lot in the city, his work was ill-paid for and slack,
And the long, weary years of his struggles made it none the less bitter or black.
He had heard of our mighty Dominion with its wheat and its labour for all,
Of the system of aid that The Army had made for the needy who on it would call.

So he call'd on The Salvation Army, and for help he did anxiously plead,
And with love and with grace in the giver, to his cry did The Army take heed.
Midst the winds on the waves he was happy, and hopes bounded high in his breast.
There was wealth in the soil, there was wages for toil in that wonderful Land of the West.

He has fenc'd in his quarter-section, and has broken the rich, loamy ground;
He has worked with a smoky steam-thresher... by the sun he is harden'd and brown'd.
But now, in a lumberer's outfit, with a broad-ax and ribbon of steel,
He's revealing a prize—to the sun, and the skies—of land for the ploughshare to tool



He crunches the snow when he's walking instead of the mud and the stones.
He dreams of his children's gay laughter, and he hears no starvation groans.
He has work'd and has taken his wages, and has sent the bulk home to his wife.
And the children will feed on a dinner-table as they will never forget through life.

So his wife, in her letter, has told him—its mail had just come to the camp—
And he reads it again in the eveing by the light of the shanty's dim lamp.
He reads with his eyes growing brighter, ere to his bunk-bed he goes.
Thanks his Father above for the proofs of his love and the blessings He freely bestows.

When the spring-time shall come and the snow melt, and the wheat-seed takes root in the ground,
Then the wife will come out with the children and the joy of them all will abound.
They will miss the hedges of England and the scents of the Old Country lanes.
But they'll leave all the grime and the dust and the crime and the city's squalls and pains.

Into the plains of the North-West, under the homestead roof,
Where the land is as gold in summer, in the winter as linen wool...
There a man has a home for the striving there are comforts for those who endure.
These who follow the Lord and who help to His Word will find all His promises.



SOM

PUT ON IND

Was then a Drunken Ta of Gra

COLONEL-SERGEANT E C stock, Ont., had three sons, all of whom responded them. Brought



He was again arrested, and was again by his grandpa their teachings to earn his own living had to worse. His tailoring trade which, no doubt, townsmen, would send him, and sporting p warning. Before long he had gambled as well as won him \$100. Ended in street-fighting, etc. He soon lost and was arrested for six weeks in the cells in case put on the Indian bather he contrived to get out and secured another wagon. He then entered this time, but with a severe reprimand.

The Sunday afternoon he got convalescent, they persuaded him to give the Officer's coat back to him and said that he went to the station, after a full course of change of his clothes, right with the Indians took place, he was reported to have been in the place, and he was then the end of his classes to find Maxie another test being asked to have an ex-

A PUGILISTIC

Now he fight

COLONEL-SERGEANT E LAWMAN still was as such in the very day when he were the one to report, who he could had at the age of twenty-six to his daily office. He had drunk too much he had developed a strong and fighting spirit. He soon became fond of work, killed a bear in him from

A few of the age of twenty and emigrated to New Castle, where he was, that day it was when I fight a pair of bears. The first man seems thus, the other course this victory had so John and drunk. His conversion never a w

SOME COLOUR SERGEANTS.

PUT ON INDIAN LIST.

Was then a Drunken Tailor; now a Trophy of Grace.

COLOR-SERGEANT FORWELL, of Woodstock, Ont., had the advantage of good home influences, but, like many another, he despised them. Brought up a strict Presby-



He was again arrested and driven to jail in a brewery wagon.



snow when he's walking
he mud and the stones;
children's gay laughter, and
starvation groans.
And has taken his wages, and
bulk home to his wife,
will feed on a dinner indeed
never forget through life.

letter, has told him... the
at come to the camp...
gain in the evening by the
shanty's dim lamp;
eyes growing brighter, and
unk-bed he goes,
above for the proofs of its
blessings He freely bestows

me shall come and the snow

the wheat-seed takes root in

come out with the children
of them all will abound,
the hedges of England and the
Old County lanes.

All the grim and the squalid
time and the city's squalor

the North-West, under the
roof,
as gold in summer, in the
even wool--
home for the striving; these
for those who endure,
the Lord and who bark to
all find all His promises sure

THE EDITOR

A PUGILISTIC STONEMASON

Now he fights the Devil

COLOR-SERGEANT JOHN HICKRIDGE, of Bowmansville, was born in a small Cornish town in the year 1851. His chief playmates were the children of a alehouse-keeper, who taught him to like beer so well that at the age of seven he looked forward to it daily allowance. A few years later he got drunk for the first time. Mean while he had developed a great liking for wrestling and fighting, and being strong and muscular he soon became proficient in the art. Once he nearly killed his opponent, but this did not deter him from fighting others.

About the age of twenty-two he got married and emigrated to Canada. He settled in Bowmansville, where he got work as a stonemason. One day it was arranged that John should fight a pair of his workmates, one at a time. The first man got knocked out, and, seeing this, the other fellow ran off. Of course this victory had to be celebrated, and so John got drunk. From that time till his conversion never a week passed but John

These Life Sketches of Colour Sergeants of The Army have been contributed to our Short Story Competition. Which do you like best? Will you send us a post card, giving the title of the story that pleased you most? The writer of the story that secures the most votes will receive a Ten Dollar Bill.

got helplessly drunk. Sundays were spent in drinking and fighting, and he never went near a church.

When The Salvation Army came to town John scoffed them. But some of his chums got converted and started out to capture John, too. One evening, when returning from work, he was met by one of these, who insisted on his going to meeting with him right away. John refused, but reluctantly consented to go on Sunday afternoon. He went and sat in a back seat, where he listened in amazement to the testimonies of his one-time companions in sin. He went again at night and made up his mind that he would quit drinking beer. Next night he was at the Hall again, but as it was soldiers' meeting he could not get in. So he started for home. On the way he had to pass a saloon, and forgetting his resolution, he went in and ordered a drink. He was lifting the glass to his lips when something he could never explain what stopped him. He put down the glass, went out and home, and from that day forward never touched a drop of liquor. The following Sunday night he was one of seven at the mercy-seat. The news soon spread around town that John Hickridge had "joined" The Army, and many were the comments passed on his likelihood of "keeping it." Most gave him two or three weeks, but John went on. He was first given the position of door-keeper. During this time he had many hard times to keep from using his pugilistic ability on some of the roughs who sought to upset the meetings. He got the victory, however, and proved himself a good soldier. Later he was made Colour Sergeant, which position he has held for over twenty years. As he had been known for his badness, so he became known for his goodness, and he could always be relied upon to be there at every meeting ready to do his part. A truer, better, or more loyal Salvationist it would be hard to find, and he has ever been a source of inspiration to both Officers and Soldiers. Today while getting old and somewhat crippled, his spirit and faith are as strong as ever, and he stands a monument of God's wondrous working power.



The first man got knocked out, and, seeing this, the other fellow ran off.

AN OLD SEA DOG

Once on way to ruin, now steering for the Port of Glory.

COLOR-SERGEANT MARK SMITH, of Goven Sound took to a seafaring life at a very early age. This was but to be expected, considering the fact that his parents depended on the sea for their livelihood. His father was a fisherman living at Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland, and so little Mark had every opportunity of going cod-fishing. Boy-like he preferred fishing to going to school, and regretted it later when, on his first trip away from home, he found himself unable to write a letter to his mother. To his credit, let it be said that he started to improve himself from that time forward and soon succeeded in reading and writing tolerably well.

But Mark had two very strong weaknesses, as the Irishman put it; one, a very violent temper, and two, a liking for liquor. For many years he sailed the Atlantic. His first long voyage was from Labrador to Plymouth, England, with a cargo of dried cod.



He fell heavily to the ground and rolled clear of the tracks.

From thence he went to Cardiff, where the vessel was loaded with coal and sent to Cadiz, in Spain. Here they took on a cargo of salt and departed for South America, and thence sailed back to Liverpool, and from thence to St. John's. And thus for many years our comrade went from port to port of the broad Atlantic. One year he was on a cable ship, another on a sealing voyage, and a third doing something else.

His history may be briefly recorded, as drinking, fighting and pleasure-seeking at every port, the record gets monotonous.

Eighteen years ago, however, an event happened which broke the monotony and introduced Mark to an entirely new life. He was in Montreal at the time, a sin-hardened sinner, yet not too hard for God to deal with. Three incidents stand out in his memory. They all happened on one day. Whilst proceeding to his lodgings in a drunken condition, he crossed the railway tracks just as the Boston Express drew near. He did not realize his danger, but happening to trip over a rail he fell heavily to the ground and rolled clear of the tracks just as the train dashed by. He got up sober. On reaching home he found a letter awaiting him. It contained news of his father's death. A little later he went into The Salvation Army Hall, and, to his surprise, saw an old chum of his sitting on the platform. Then he heard this man, who had been a bad one, testify to the change God had wrought in him. Mark was deeply impressed, and the end of the matter was that he went to the penitent-form to seek the same Saviour his chum had found. But he had many doubts and fears. It was the Sunday afternoon meeting he attended. His old chum took him home to supper and brought him back to the meeting at night. Mark "got

The Canadian Christmas War Cry.

the glory" that night, and all his doubts and fears disappeared, as plucked by a hand of assurance of salvation. In the middle of the night he awoke all the people in the house by his loud hollings. After that Mark was never ashamed to let people know whose side he was on. He again went to sea, but this time instead of spending his wages in drink he saved them up. Thus he was in a position a few years later to take out his self a wife and to settle down on shore. They lived first of Montreal, and later on removed to Owen Sound. They have recently moved into their own new home, and are very happy. Our comrade has been Colour-Sergeant for about four years, and we trust he may long be spared to carry the dear old colours.

A GREAT DRINK SLAVE
Emigration did not change him, but Salvation did.

COLOUR-SERGEANT FIFE, of Montreal. He is, as his name implies, a Scotchman. Sixty-one years ago he was born at Glackmann, and six and a half years ago he was born again. Previous to his conversion he was a drink slave. His son, thinking that new surroundings might help his father, ad-



"A man carrying a drum, passed by."

Walker followed him. Soon he arrived at the spot where The Salvation Army was holding an open-air meeting. He stood a little way off and listened to the songs and testimonies. Then he followed the band to the tent, but stood outside till one of the soldiers invited him to come in. As the people were singing a Salvation song the light broke in on Bro. Walker's dark soul, and he went to the mercy-seat and found salvation. He often says that he came in feeling that he had not a friend in the world, but he rose from his knees to find that he had quite a lot, and best of all, Jesus was his friend. That night he went back to the shelter to sleep, and occupied the same bed. But what a different night he put in! Instead of waking up at intervals to drink from the flask, he slept soundly, and when he awoke in the morning he praised God for saving him. Next day he set out for Earls Court again and so strong is the force of habit, turned into the first hotel he came to. But realizing his mistake, he turned back in the doorway, and went on his way again. He has never had any desire for drink since then, and to-day is a happy soldier in the ranks of The Army.

ONCE LIVED IN A BARN,
Now has a comfortable home and wife, and family are happy.

COLOUR-SERGEANT GEORGE THURKELE, of Tilsonburg, was a notorious sinner before his conversion. He first got drunk at the early age of ten. At sixteen he was a confirmed toper. He managed to check himself for awhile after his marriage, but the old habits proved too strong for him, and he soon started drinking again. Many a night he went home with his clothes nearly torn off, his face bruised and cut, and his eyes swollen to twice their natural size. But many a night he did not return at all, and his wife waited in vain for the sound of his footsteps. He was in the clutches of the police, locked up for being drunk and disorderly. He very seldom went to a place of worship, preferring to spend his Sundays in gambling. When there was no one else to play cards with he tried to imagine that the devil was his partner. Many a game he played in this fashion.

But there came a change. One night in May, 1911, he wandered into The Salvation Army Hall. He was convicted of sin, and in repentance knelt at the mercy-seat. He rose to his feet conscious that he was saved.

At first many thought that this sudden change was due to excitement, but as the weeks and months rolled by and they witnessed his consistent new life, they began to believe in the reality of his conversion.

In his drunken days he and his family

vised him to emigrate to Canada. He soon found however, that man's heart is not changed by changing his environment. Bro. Fife settled in Montreal, where he found abundant opportunities of satisfying his craving for drink. One night, about eighteen months after landing in Canada, he was staggering about a saloon when he heard the sound of the Army drum. Presently an Army sister came into the saloon and personally invited him to go to the meeting. He did so, though he was very drunk, and when the invitation to go no further was given he marched off to the platform in full form. God saved him that night.

Bro. Fife says, "I was going there the morning after coming to Canada, but the meeting for my brother's conversion proved an exception. The leader of the band had a especially left him out, so as to get him to come and from the sound of the drums I knew that his past had passed him by, and he is now a respected citizen and a soldier of The Salvation Army.

A FRIENDLESS DRUNKARD.

Two Memorable Nights in his Life.

COLOUR-SERGEANT Waller, of Earls Court, is a man of grace. It was in July, 1911, that he first salvation, before that he served the Devil well. All that was worth having he lost through drink, and often suffered with debasing terrors. Torture had tried all means possible to cure him of the drunk habit, but had singularly failed. The night previous to his conversion he slept in an Army Shelter. In his pocket was a flask of whisky, so that he could slake his thirst during the night. That was one of the worst nights of his life. On Sunday morning he left the empty bottle under the bed and set out to walk he knew not where. The Devil was his close companion that morning, and tempted him to despair and to end his miserable life. The day wore on, and in the afternoon he found himself on the outskirts of the City of Toronto. A man in a bright uniform, carrying a drum, passed by. Bro.

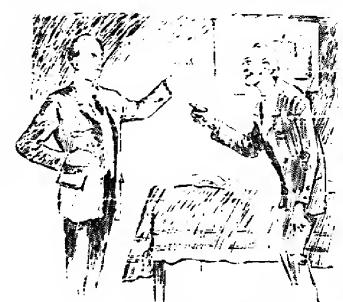
lived in an old barn. Now they have a comfortable little home. Brother Trickle has steady employment, and is respected by everyone in town.

He loves to carry the Army flag, and says he is grateful to God that The Army ever came his way. Another evidence of the complete change in him is the fact that he voluntarily gave up the use of tobacco after being a smoker for thirty years.

HE WAITED TWELVE YEARS

Then The Army came, and now he walks twelve miles to meeting.

COLOUR-SERGEANT CHISLETT is a Seafoundlander. As a boy he was very strictly brought up by good parents, but never experienced any change of heart till he was sixteen years of age. It happened thus: Two men came to the village and asked his father if they could hold a revival service



"He repeated the words of his mother."

in his house. They were Salvations. Permission was given, and the meeting that followed made a powerful impression on the lad. But the men went away, and Bro. Chislett did not see or hear anything more of The Salvation Army till nine years later. Then a soldier from a Corps ten miles distant visited the village. He was collecting for Self Help. Three years more passed away before the Army established a Corps there. Brother Chislett's younger brother got converted about that time and began to urge others to seek Christ. So far had Brother Chislett drifted from his early teachings that he began to ridicule the words of his brother. But he was sorry for it a little later when that brother went to the fishing banks and did not return. He saw how guilty he was and sought and found the forgiveness of God. Fourteen years have passed away since then, and Brother Chislett has proved a good Salvationist, in season and out of season. He is always at his post, and often during the summer months when his calling takes him down the coast, he walks twelve miles on Saturday night in order to be present at the Sunday's meetings.

THE COCK FIGHTING DOCTOR

THREE generations ago two Buddhist priests of Ceylon went to England, the first priests of that religion who had ever been there. They went to study, and met that learned scholar and devoted Christian Dr. Adam Clarke. Both were converted in his study. They returned to Ceylon and were both married, for Buddhist priests like Roman Catholics, are celibates. One of them became a minister of the Gospel, the other a Government official.

The latter had a large family, a great blessing according to Oriental modes of thought. But one son did not turn out to be a blessing to his parents, that is, until he got converted. It is an ambition among young men of the East to study hard and stand well in the world. This youth was frequent. To make matters worse he rejected the faith of his father and married a Buddhist woman.

But The Salvation Army now started work in the village, and in course of time the apostle came back to the Christian faith. Great was his joy, as a young convert in testifying everywhere, in carrying the flag, and in bearing persecution for his Master's sake. He delighted to compose songs for the meetings, and became a very useful soldier. A few years ago he went to be with the Lord, where I hope some day to meet him.—Kittie Wood, Kumara kula Singh.



"Playing cards with the Devil."

A BARR



SERGEANT A MILITARY CAMP
Enter Privates Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson who call for pints of beer and then sit down at table

Pvt. Smith: Where's old Hooky got to lately? He hasn't showed up here for the last two days.

Pvt. Jones: Why, aren't you heard the news? He's gone and joined the Salvos. Can't drink nothing stronger than tea now.

Pvt. Smith: Garn, wot yer givin' us? Wot Hooky turn blue light? Why, only last week he went and flagged his overcoat to an old Sheneen in order to scrape up enough chink to get drunk on. Blaa get religious. Ha, ha! you tell that to the marines.

Pvt. Jones (getting angry): Never mind the marines, matey; I'm astilling it to you, and if you don't choose to believe me, why just come outside and I'll punch yer thick head for you."

Pvt. Smith: "Ori-right, come on then."

(They both rise, glare fiercely at each other and move towards the door.)

Pvt. Brown: "Here, come you two. Wot's the good o' nothing? It's Gorspel truth, Jonesy's been telling you about come and be pais agin am dirin health in a pot o' jengolo."

Pvt. Smith: evidently none this turn of affairs: "Off we'll look over Private Jones' gwidge and shake hands with him."

Pvt. Jones: "And save getting a cure head."

(They shake hands, each take a drink and down again at the table.)

Pvt. Brown: "Yus, as I ain't all true about Hooky. He mesmerized by them Salvations up at Reveille now to read his prayers before turnin' in."

Pvt. Smith: "The ol' ramblin' to one he's a-doin' if all just one of them lassies down there gives 'em the cold null he'll be runnin' in with us agin."

Pvt. Robinson (assumingly) says: "Men, soldiers, country your ears."

Pvt. Smith, interrupting: I'm a-goin' to hang on to mine."

Pvt. Robinson: "Old ver to me, I'm a-goin' to say somethin', wot I sez is this. When belonged to a respectable ba like ours. Gien of hear, hear when such a one backs out and share for the weekly beer suppin school and leaves he old a word of warning, he deservs a public example of. Wot say?"

(Cries of Right & Hooray.)

Robinson continues: "Then we hold a barrack-room court and Hooky, and if he be found we sentence him to filling pun."

(Cries of Right & Hooray.)

Pvt. Robinson: "When we meet together at 10 o'clock to-night."

Sergeant II. A Military Barrack Room. Enter Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson: "No sign of the boys."

Smith: "Oh, hell he here have to be before ten anyway hasn't got a P. P."

(Exit all.)

A BARRACK-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL;

OR, HOW A BOOZING SCHOOL GOT BROKEN UP—A NAVAL AND MILITARY STORY. :



Song I. A Military Canteen. Enter Privates Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson who call for pints of beer and then sit down at a table

Pyle, Smith: Where's old Hokey got to lately? He hasn't showed up here for the last two days.

Pyle, Jones: Why, haven't you heard the news? He's gone and joined the Salvos. Can't drink nothing stronger than tea now.

Pyle, Smith: Garn, wot yer givin'! Wot, Hokey turn blue tight? Why, only last week he went and flogged his overcoat to an old Sheeny in order to scrape up enough chink to get drunk on. Him get religious. Ha, ha! you tell that to the marines.

Pyle, Jones (getting angry): Never mind the marines, matey; I'm telling it to you, and if you don't choose to believe me, why just come outside and I'll punch yer thick head for you."

Pyle, Smith: "Or-right, come on then."

(They both rise, glare fiercely at each other, and make a move towards the door.)

Pyle, Brown: "Here, come and sit down you two. Wot's the good of fighting over nothing? It's Gospel truth, Smitty, wadomsey's been telling you about Hokey, so come and be pals agin and drink each other's health in a pint o' pongalo."

Pyle, Smith evidently much relieved at this turn of affairs.: "Oh well, if that's so I'll look over Private Jones' violent language and shake hands with him.

Pyle, Jones: "And save yourself from getting a sore head."

(They shake hands, each take a drink from the pot and sit down again at the table.)

Pyle, Brown: "Yus, as I was a-saying, it's all true about Hokey. He's god regular mesmerized by them Salvation people. Gettin' to Reveille now to read his Bible, and sex his prayers above tummin' in at night."

Pyle, Smith: "The o'ndabug, I'll be ten to one he's a-doing it all just to get in with one of them basses down there. When she gives 'em the cold mill he'll be wanning to join in with us again."

Pyle, Robinson assuming dramatic attitude: "Men, soldiers, countrymen, lend me your ears."

Pyle, Smith (interrupting): "No fear; I'm a-going to hang on to mine."

Pyle, Robinson: "Old ver' row and listen to me. I'm a-going to say something. Now mates, wot I sez is this. When a man wot's belonged to a respectable boozing school like ours, Grieves hear, hear! Yes, I say when such a one backs out of payin' his share for the weekly four-supply of our hangin' shind and leaves his old pads without a word of warning, he deserves to be made a public example of. Wot say you?"

(Cries of That's right!)

Robinson continues: "Then I propose that we hold a barrack-room court-martial on the spot Hokey, and if he be found guilty that we sentence him to flogging punishment."

(Cries of Right O! How's that?)

Pete, Robinson: "Then the court will meet together at 10 o'clock to-night boys."

(Exit all)

Song II. A Military Barrack Room. Time 9.45 pm. Enter Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Robinson: "No sign of the enemy yet, boys."

Smith: "Oh, he'll be here soon. He'll have to be in before ten anyway, because he hasn't got a P. P."



The other two drag him along the centre of the room and keep gazing over him.

dumped into it. Robinson, as president of the court, now seats himself in a chair. Brown stands on his left hand side, while the other two drag the prisoner to the centre of the room and keep guard over him.)

Pyle, Brown: "I now call upon the president to read out the crimes of Pyle, White."

Robinson (rising to his feet with great gravity, pretends to read from paper as follows): "Private A. R. White, 1st battalion of the Royal Fiaffoots, is charged with—

"1st, Absenting himself without leave from the canteen.

"2nd, Refusing to comply with an order given by senior soldier to attend canteen.

"3rd, Found in barracks room praying to General Booth.

"4th, Refusing to discontinue the above praying.

"Fifth.—The court finds Prisoner No. 1234, Private A. R. White, guilty of all the charges of which he is accused.

"Sentence. The court sentences Prisoner No. 1234, Private A. R. White, to be twelve times shaken up as high as the ceiling. Furthermore, the Court orders that he be endured all over with chrome, yellow, and pipeclay. If then quiet, he is to be strapped in bed till 5 a.m. next morning, after which he will be taken to the Regimental Washhouse and put under the pump. After that he may be released and watched."

(All four then descend on the hapless prisoner, and each seizing a corner of the blanket, proceed to toss him in the air, during which performance "Lights out!" sounds.)

Song III. Meeting Room at S.A. Naval and Military Home. Enter Army Officer, followed by a number of Soldiers and Sailors.

Officer: "Come along, it's time to begin our meeting. Brother Robinson, you fine out a song."

Robinson, wearing S. A. jersey, gives out song; Brown also in S. A. jersey, beats the drum. They all sing.

Officer: "And now we will have some testimonies. Who will be the first?"

Pyle, Smith: "Well, thank God I am saved. Only a short time ago I used to sneer at all religious people, but I'm glad it's different with me now. I feel ashamed of myself when I think of all the things I said and did to Brother White here to try and knock Salvation out of him."

Pete, White: "That's all right, brother."

Pete, Smith continuing: "But that's a thing of the past now. It was his changed life, his joyful testimony, and his patient endurance of insult that made me think there was something in religion after all, and my friends here, Robinson, Brown, and Jones, can say the same thing, too."

Robinson, Brown, and Jones (in chorus): "Yes, that we can."

Pyle, White: "And now, Captain, with your permission, the ex-members of the Boozing School would like to sing together a song composed by Brother Robinson."

Officer: "Just the thing. Go ahead lads."

White, Robinson, Brown, Jones, and Smith sing the following verses to the tune of "Glorify in His Name."

Right glad are we to see your coming,
Once on a time it was our delight
To sit in the sun and eat and fight,
Now we're here to sing.

Glory for all who are friends,
In the sun and in the shade we'll go well.

Pray our God to be there.

(All members singing choruses).



The ex-members of the boozing school sing a Salvation Song together.

SURGEON'S CHRISTMAS MARCH



BY THE COMMISSIONER

I was Christmas eve, and a young Salvation Army lassie set out with a basket of Christmas fare for a poor, aged but pious old woman in order to brighten Christmas-tide for her. They had known one another in Sweden, so that there was a natural tie between them as well as the bonds of Christian fellowship.

After fulfilling her errand, the young maiden was about to leave, but before taking her departure said: "I hope, auntie, you will have a beautiful Christmas-tree" — in far-away Sweden the custom is for every member of the family to have a Christmas tree, and old and young alike have their tree trimmed by loving hands. But the friendless old lady somewhat despondently replied: "No one has ever trimmed a tree for me." The young girl was, for a moment, at a loss for an answer, but rapidly recovering herself said: "The angels have trimmed your Christmas tree, auntie. You are a Christian, and God's gift to this poor, dark suffering world was a Christmas gift, and it was announced by the Angels."

Does not this incident remind us at this 1911 Festive Season that Christmas ought to be a time of joy and gladness, and that we have the very best reasons for making it such?

My dear Reader, may I remind you of a few of the wonderful gifts, that the Angels, if I may say so, hung upon that first Christmas Tree:

The First was a new view of God. The Jews had been looking forward to, and expecting the advent of a temporal king; one who should come and fight their battles, drive their enemies from their land, and establish them as the ruling and reigning people of the world. But this was not the view of God as proclaimed by the Angels. They came to sing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill toward men."

The Second gift hanging upon this wonderful Tree was the promise of Pardon for every sin-sick, tired, and weary soul.

I would like to ask at this point—Is all the Christmas gladness genuine, and is it based upon the true source from which all real joy and happiness should come? Alas! I am afraid not. Sin always has been, and still is, the destroyer of all true peace and happiness; and where sin is—whether in thought or deed—there is not to be found true joy. But, for all those who wish this true joy and peace—which cannot be found elsewhere—the promise of Pardon for one and all was hung upon the first Christmas Tree.

Then the Third gift found upon this Christmas Tree was the promise of the gift of priceless Peace, that most wonderful gift of God. The peace of God that passeth all understanding.

Reader, have you this peace? Is your mind and heart at rest, are you reconciled to God, and are you in a fit position to say with the Apostle Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me"; or, are there still to be found somewhere in your heart things that are contrary to God's will? They may appear small and insignificant to you, and yet they may be quite sufficient to rob the soul of that deep, inward joy, peace, and rest.

Then the Angels hung something else upon the Tree, the Fourth gift, another priceless, precious treasure, the promise of Holiness, and Perfect Cleansing from all inbred sin.

If these lines should be read by any soul that is struggling with the roots of bitterness within: with the carnal mind, which is enmity to God, let me urge such to remember that in the Angel's announcement "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," was included the promise of salvation from all sin. For this purpose the Son of Man was made manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil. Sin in thought, or sin in desire is just as much sin as the outward expression, which takes the form of what we regard as vulgar, gross carnality, such as drunkenness, gambling, uncleanness, etc. God's will is the sanctification of His people, and in the Gift of His Son He has made ample provision for the same.

Before closing, I cannot refrain from mentioning one more glorious promise contained in the Angel's announcement—that is the Promise of Heaven. How we delight to sing about Heaven, and think about our loved ones who have gone before and are already there! We take it for granted there is a Heaven, and one of the thoughts that charm us most is that we shall meet our loved ones face to face again those whom we have loved but lost—husbands and wives, sisters and brothers will be re-united with each other, and parents will again see their children.

How sweet it is to think about that Christmas Morn and the lowly Manger in Bethlehem, when the Gates of Heaven were opened wide, and it was made possible for every soul who will confess and forsake sin, at the last to enter Heaven and reign with the Lord for ever and ever.

May God grant that not one who reads these lines may be left outside the Gates of the Eternal City, but that all may be gathered there, and rejoicing hear the Lord's "Well done."



Cry.



NER

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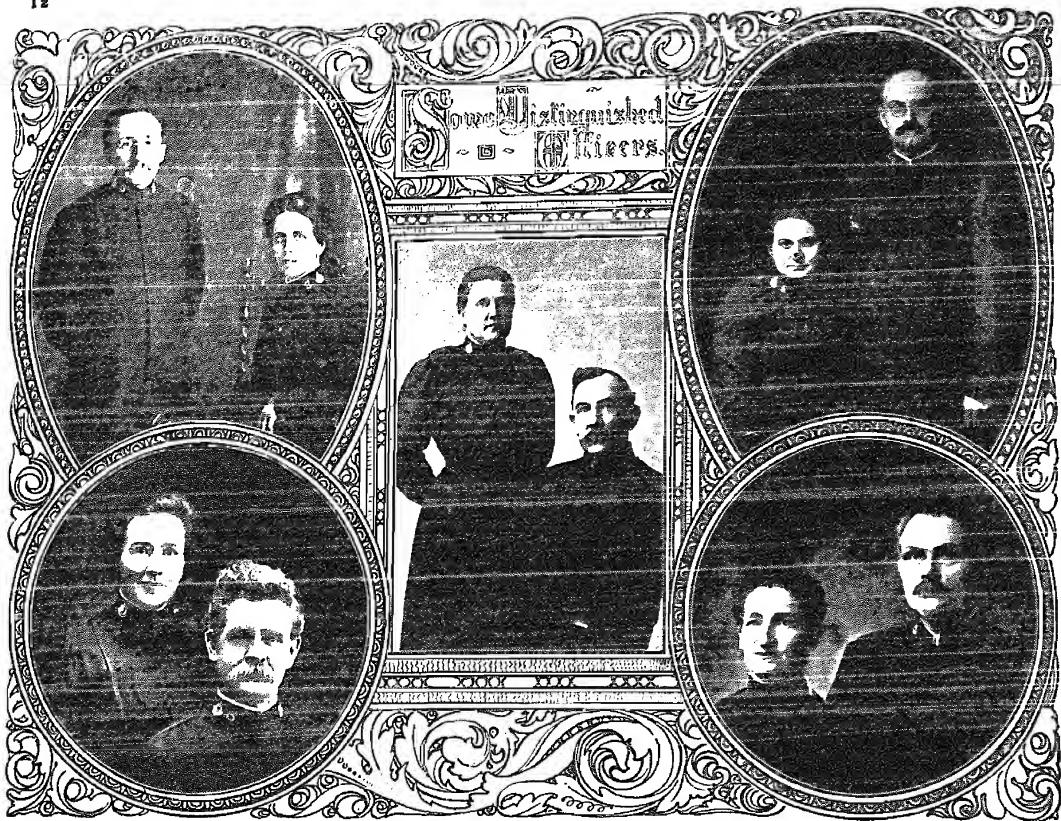
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Some Distinguished
Officers.

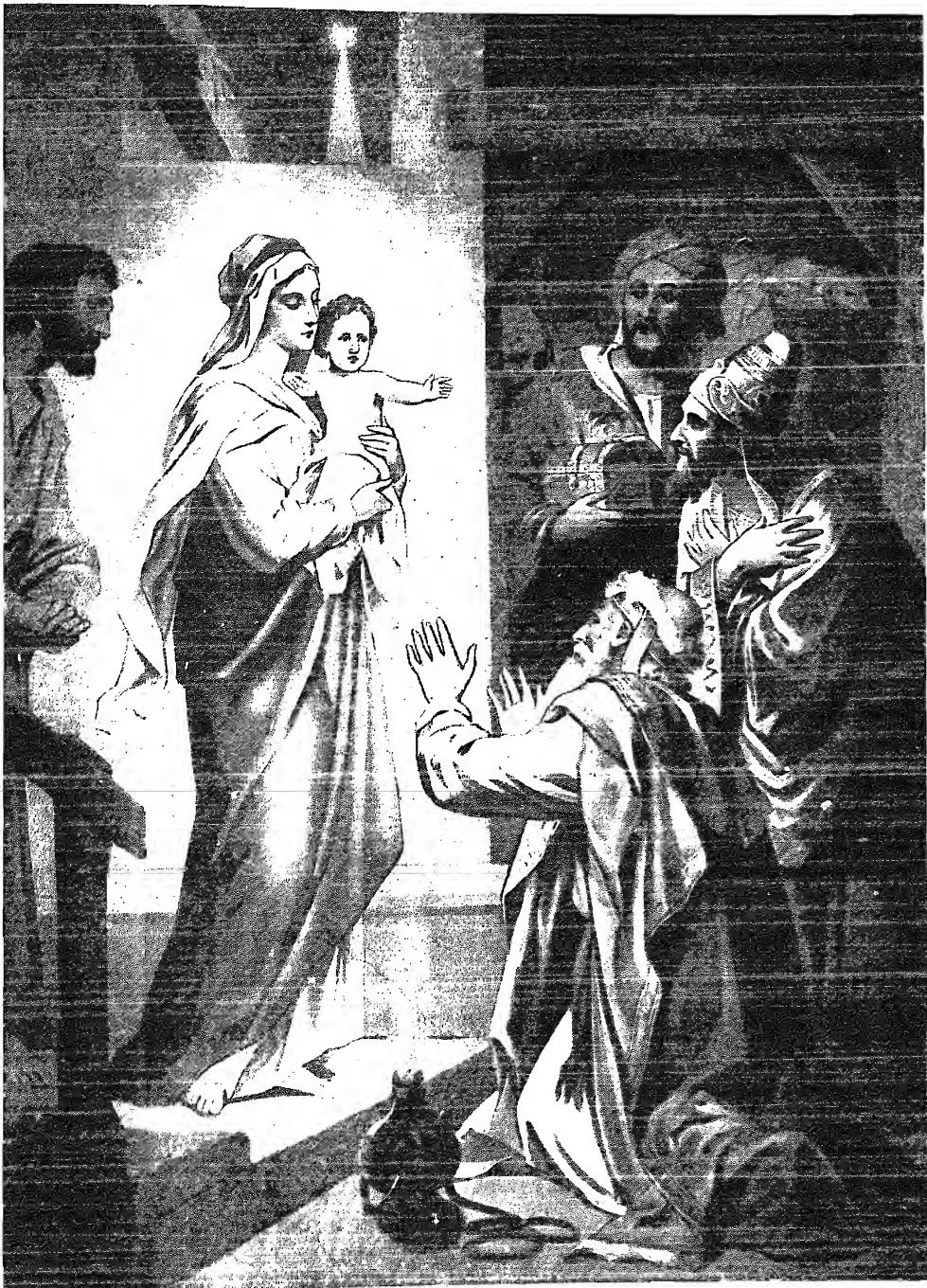


MAJOR and MRS. MOORE.
MAJOR and MRS. MCGILLIVRAY.

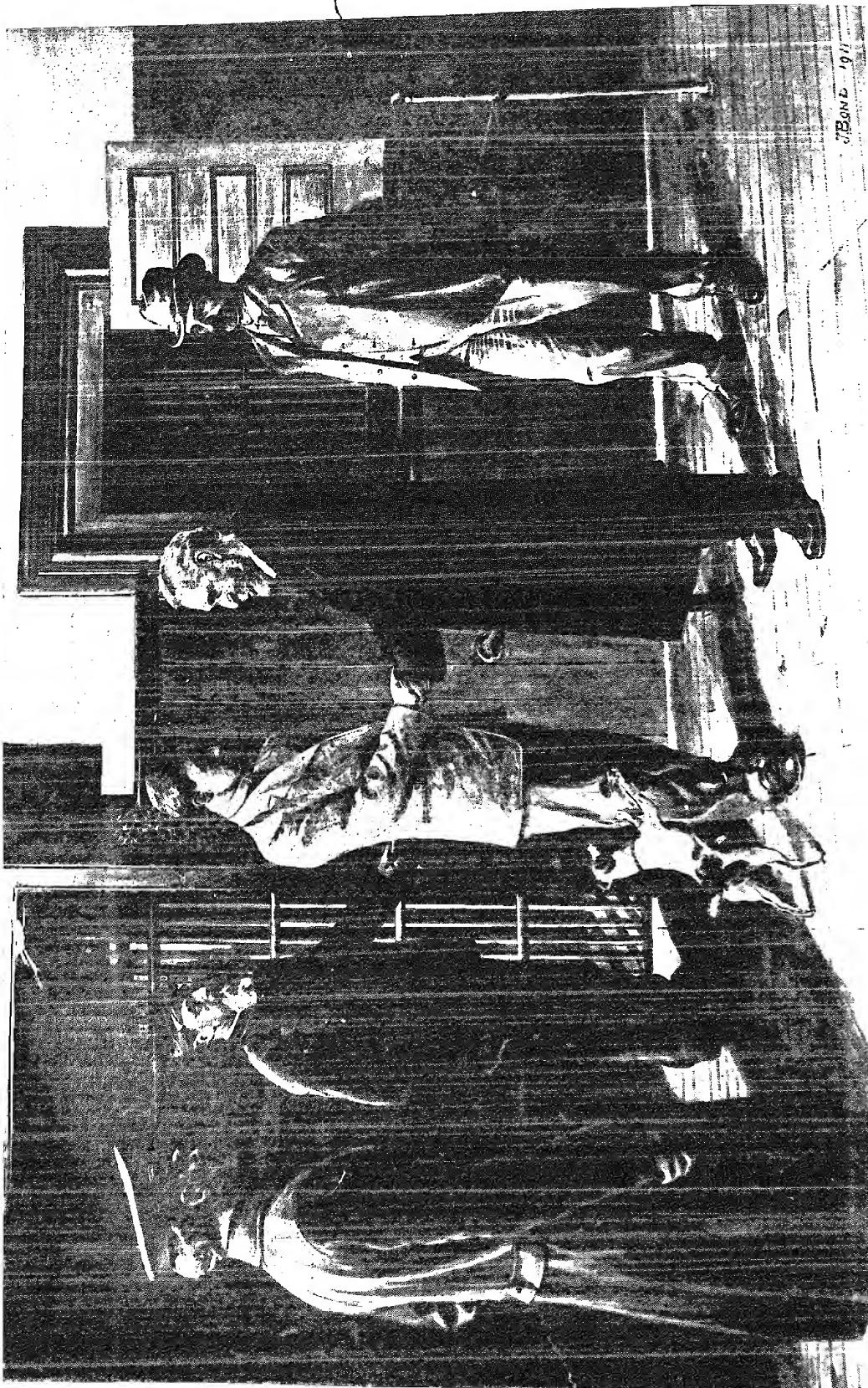
MAJOR and MRS. MILLER.

MAJOR and MRS. FINDLAY.
MAJOR and MRS. DAVID CREIGHTON.





FINDLAY.
ED. CREIGHTON.

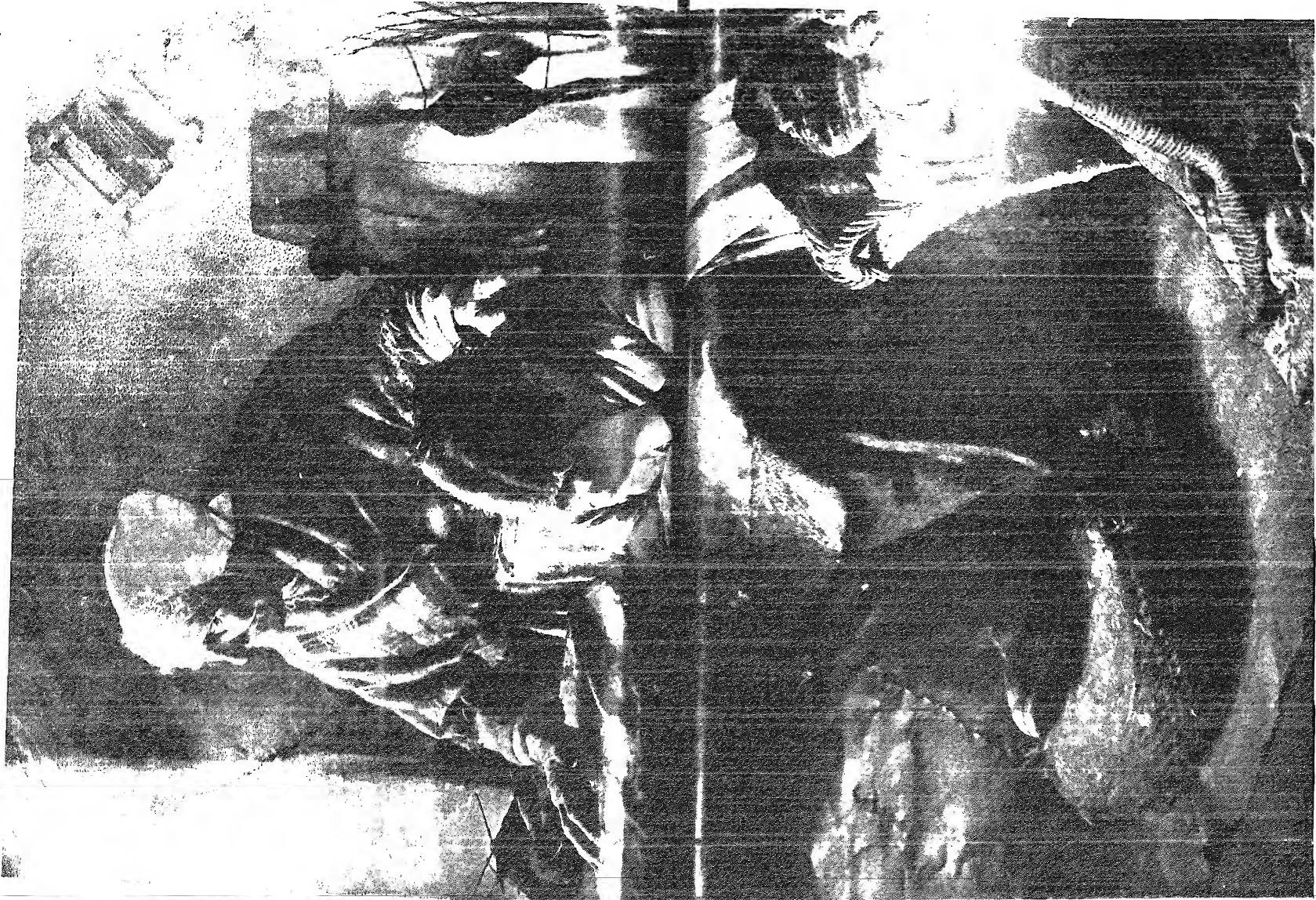
The Canadian Christmas War Cry.

J. BOND - 1911

Our picture represents a very interesting phase of our work among discharged
prisoners. A young man overtaken in wrong-doing, and afterwards mounted
into genuine usefulness in the ranks of the *Servicemen's Army*.
and the influence of the former authorities has been removed.

"MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP."

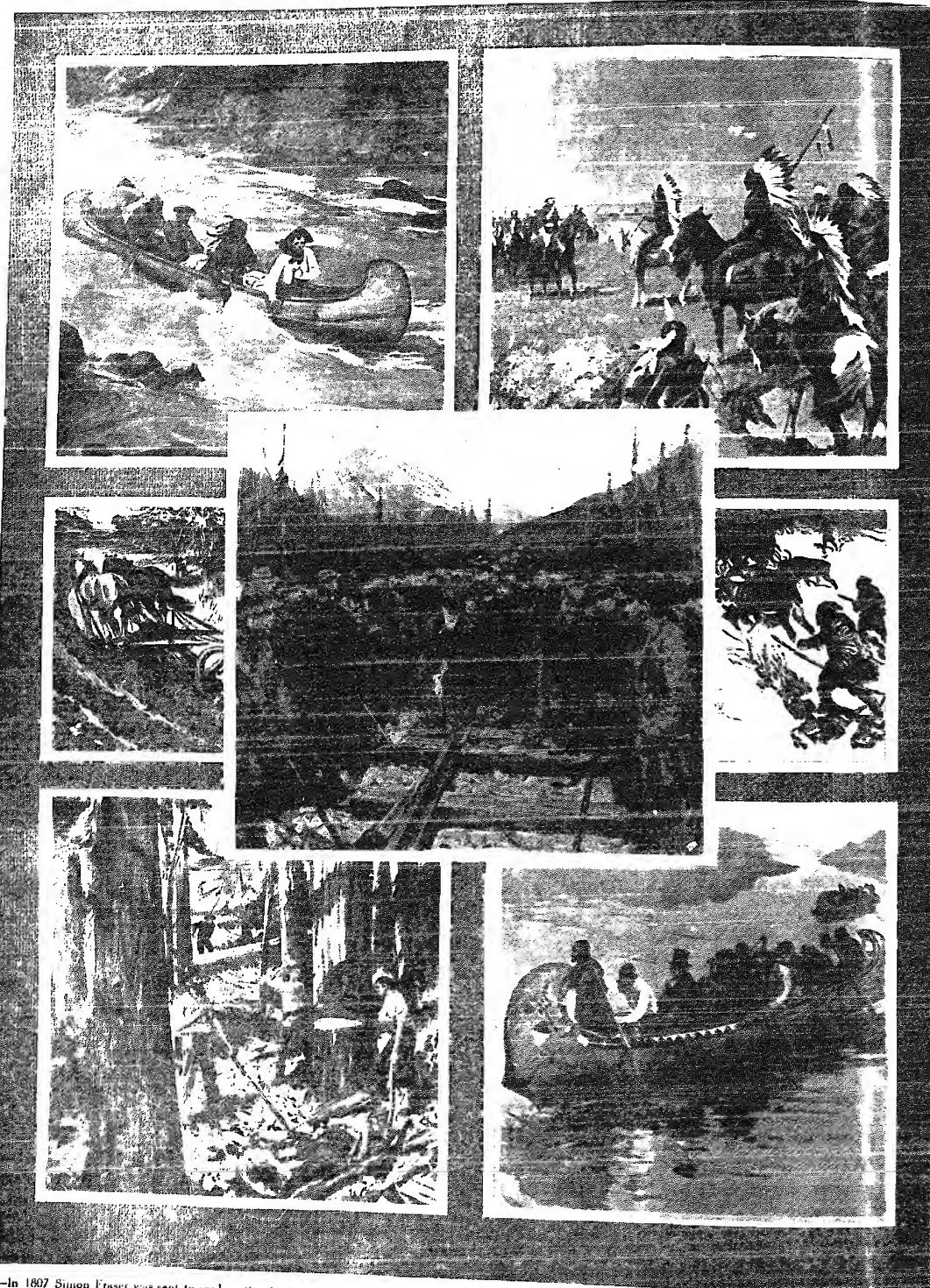
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GOD BE MERCIFUL.

In Canada, during the past year, approximately 11,500 sinners of all kinds have knelt at The Army pentecostal altar for salvation.



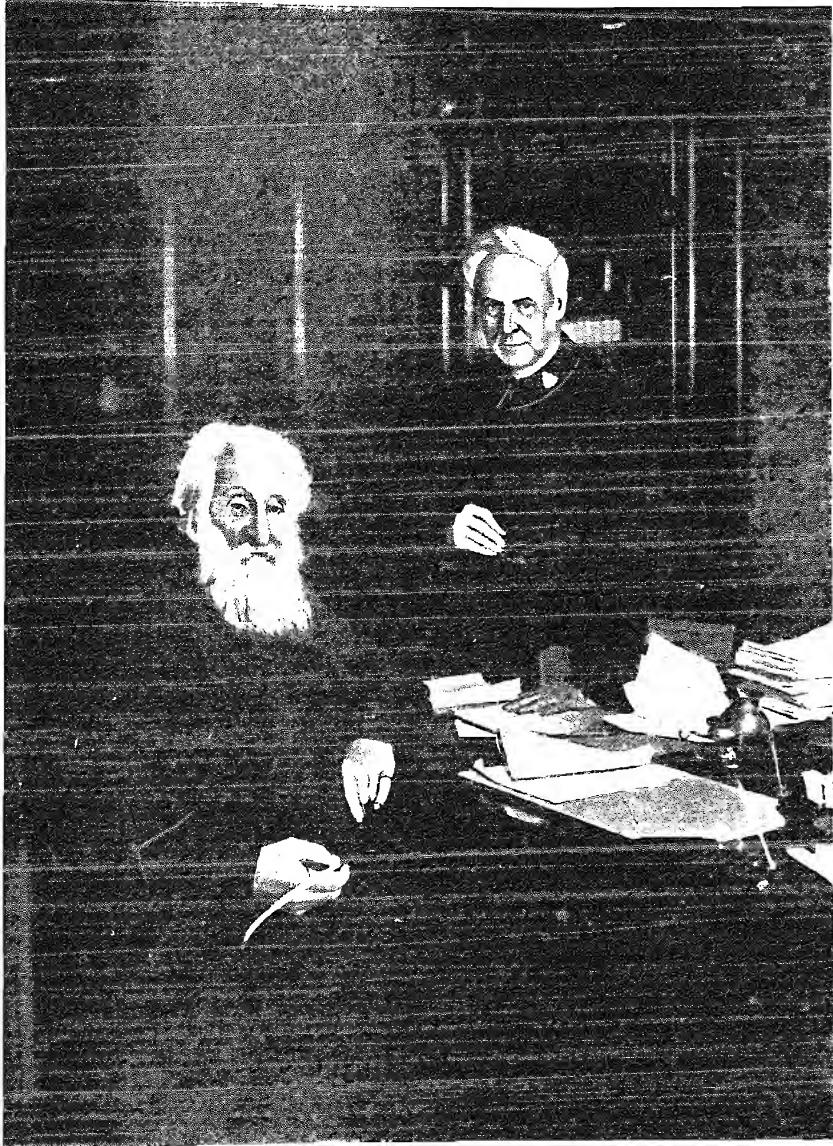
I.—In 1807 Simon Fraser was sent to explore the river which now bears his name, and in his canoe made the perilous descent of the leaping rapids of that river, accompanied by James Stuart, uncle of Lord Strathcona, and an Indian crew.

IV.—William Davidson, of Inverness, inaugurated the great lumber industry of New Brunswick, by undertaking to supply the King's Navy with masts from the virgin forests of Miramichi, about the year 1779.

III.—On November 7th, 1885, the Hon. Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, drove the last spike in the Empire's Greatest Railway—the Canadian Pacific—at Craigellachie, in British Columbia.

II.—The pacification of the Indians on the Western Prairies was successfully accomplished by Col. Macleod, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, in the year 1874. He treated with their chiefs, and won respect for the British flag by his fairness.

V.—Sir George Simpson, in 1825, made his famous tour of inspection of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts from York Factory on Hudson Bay to the Pacific. It occupied two days less than three months.



*The General of the Salvation Army
and the Chief of the Staff*

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West Mounted Police, in the year
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THE SECOND IN COMMAND.

SHE CHIEF SECRETARY of a territorial command of The Salvation Army, according to the Staff Regulations, "is best described as the second in authority." He certainly plays a very important part in the machinery by which such a complex organization as the work of the Army in a com-



As Chairman of the Boards.

try is run, and is, perhaps, the chief force in the Executive. For while, generally speaking, the Commissioner's is the brain that conceives ideas and plans projects, and the Commissioner's is the personality that wins affectionate and loyal service to the cause, upon the Chief Secretary first, and the Heads of Departments and Divisional Commanders second, falls the task of reducing the conceptions of the Commissioner to workable schemes to carry them to a successful finish. In all this executive work the Chief Secretary is the principal driving force, and in a large degree is held responsible for the success or failure of the work in the Territory.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something of the system by which The Salvation Army carries on its operations, involving a large annual expenditure of money and the employment of a great number of people in work that differs very materially in character.

To begin with, the administrative work is largely confined to two wings—the Heads of Departments at T. H. Q. and the Commanders of Divisions. The principal Headquarters Departments are the Field, Editorial, Finance, Trade, Immigration, Property, Young People's, Subscribers', Candidates', Men's Social Work, and Women's Social Work.

A Divisional Command is a section of the territory over which is placed a Chief Officer, who is the representative of the Territorial Headquarters for all branches of Field Work that may lie within his command. The Divisional Commander is also expected to interest himself in the social institutions, immigration operations, and prison work. To the Chief Secretary these departmental Heads and Divisional Commanders turn for a declaration of the Territorial Commissioner's policy or an expression of his wishes.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing, however, that the Commissioner of a Territory is a being who sits in solitary state, imapproachable by any but the favored few. This is not the case by any means. The Salvation Army has been said to be an autocracy, but perhaps there is no organization that is really more democratic in its ideals and practices than the Army. For the expedition of business there are the

A brief glance at the duties and responsibilities of a Chief Secretary, which also reveals something of the administrative methods of The Salvation Army.

proper channels but no Officer or Soldier, who desires it, asks for an interview with the Commissioner in vain. And should a Departmental Head or a Divisional Commander, having received instructions from the Chief Secretary, desire to know in a fuller degree the Commissioner's mind on the matter, or to see him personally upon any phase of his work, the door to the Commissioner's office is always open to him. But such is the confidence in the Second in Command, and such is the cheerful obedience of the Commissioner's wishes, that seldom or never are orders referred back to him—at least such is the case in connection with the administration of the Canadian territory.

The Army has sometimes been styled "a one-man concern," but it can only be so styled by prejudiced persons or those who know nothing of its interior workings. Take the Canadian wing of The Salvation Army as an example. It is to begin with, an incorporated body. Its properties and kindred matters are dealt with by a Governing



Dictating to his stenographer.

ers, and the telephone make the concentration of mind necessary for the dictation of important letters, or special conferences with Officers, a very difficult matter, hence the appearance of the C. S. at Headquarters at 8 a.m., instead of 9 a.m.

Coming early and going late brings the Chief Secretary into contact with some curious sides of human nature. Not very long ago a woman with a baby in her arms stood in considerable agitation of mind outside the Headquarters, and begged to have a few words with the Colonel. She then unfolded to him a strange story. According to her statement, a woman had asked her to hold a baby for a moment while she mailed a letter. The unsuspecting woman had taken the child, but the person never came back to claim it, so our friend was left with a strange baby in her arms. She wanted to know from the Chief Secretary, if the S.A. could take and care for it. The C. S. however suggested that the proper course, under the circumstances, would be to take the child to the police station and endeavor to trace the mother. The woman's consternation was apparently so

read that the C. S. was moved by it, and offered to go with the woman to the City Hall. But the moment police was mentioned, the woman begged to be excused; she had no desire to meet the police, and hurried away. The fact was, the child she had was her own and she had adopted this stratagem to free herself from her maternal responsibilities, and get The Army to take the child.

But not all whom the C. S. meets in this way are imposters. Many very many real cases of hardship and distress have had their suffering mitigated by the Colonel's kindness of heart and the resources of The Salvation Army.

But The Chief Secretary not only assists

The Commissioner in the general oversight

government and directions of all the forces and operations under his command, but the Departmental Headquarters are under his direct control, and he is especially responsible for the appointments and well-being of the Staff Officers. It will thus be seen that the qualifications of a Chief Secretary call for business and executive ability of a high order, but in addition to all this he has to take a large share in leading public meetings and must be what

is known in The Sal-

vation Army as a "public man." There are the qualifications of the heart that a Salvation Army Chief Secretary possesses if he would successfully discharge his obligations that his high calling devolve upon him, and we are to say that these qualities of heart and soul the Chief Secretary for Canada in a marked degree.

Colonel Mapp is still amongst Prince Rupert to Toronto and from time to time Vancouver, his speech is familiar to us all, his voice is heard by us, and his kindly countenance to thrill us. What more can we write about him? May he long occupy the post he so ably fills.

PERSONAL SKETCHES



OF SOME

OLD COMRADES.

MAJOR and MRS. MILLER

MAJOR GIDEON MILLER entered from Paris, Ont., 25 years ago. Cadet he did good service at Newburg, and Cobourg. On graduation he was sent to Belleville, where he was further promoted to Captain to take charge of Trenton. His place was far from encouraging—stepped off the train a man said "Satan appeared also!" At the Headquarters he found all the windows broken. He went to work, however, and though at first he was the streets, he stuck to the fight and satisfaction at last of seeing the favour. A good work was then carried on, and many bad characters were converted.

At Forest there were difficulties to be encountered, but after prayer and self-denial a blessed result, and many souls were saved. The Major officered twelve Corps, was a Captain. When stationed at Fort Erie he married Captain Belair, who came out of Walkerville and successfully commanded several Corps. They were sent to Windsor, Ont., and they went to Guelph, with the rank of Lieutenant, and with a trust to supervise the Corps. Several District Commands followed. In 1890 came promotion to Lieutenant, and then they were transferred to Eastern Province. After terms at Moncton, Sydney, and Yarmouth, sent to Bermuda. Long years of health in the Army having somewhat failed, they were granted a furlough to Canada.

The Major improved the time by taking up a course of study in law. He was thus enabled a year or two later to accept an appointment in the parliament as Building Superintendent. The last nine years he has been in the Army having some what failing health, they were granted a furlough to Canada.

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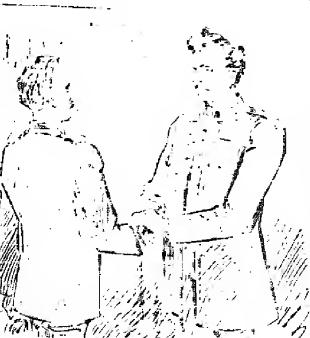
MAJOR and MRS. MCDOUGAL

MAJOR DAVID MCDOUGAL entered from Clinton, Ont., in 1883. His cadet days at Guelph, Ontario, he was promoted to Captain's rank, he was in charge of Teeswater, Seven Islands Corps he commanded, and then appointed J. S. Secretary for Ontario Province with Head-quarters at Woodstock. Another sergeant resulted in his transfer to Ottawa.

In 1883 he was promoted to become District Officer at Renfrew, Ontario, other District Commanders following him in Ontario; then came to Ensign Ottawa at Ottawa, he tempted the newspaper men to play upon words, and the boy residents of the city were soon bold headed to the effect "Was No Moore."



Solving a stiff problem.



A hearty God bless you.

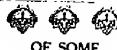
The Canadian Christmas War Cry.

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tion Army as a "public man." Then there are the qualifications of the heart and soul that a Salvation Army Chief Secretary must possess if he would successfully fulfil all the obligations that his high calling cause to devolve upon him, and we are all happy to say that these qualities of heart, mind and soul the Chief Secretary for Canada possess in a marked degree.

Colonel Mapp is still amongst us. From Prince Rupert to Toronto and from Newfoundland to Vancouver, his splendid physique is familiar to us all, his vibrant voice is heard by us, and his kindly, genial soul continues to thrill us. What need then to write about him? May he long continue to occupy the post he so ably fills.

PERSONAL SKETCHES



OF SOME OLD COMRADES.

MAJOR and MRS. MILLER.

MAJOR GIDEON MILLER entered the work from Paris, Ont., 25 years ago. As a Cadet he did good service at Galtomacopie, Newburg, and Cobourg. On promotion to Lieutenant he was sent to Belleville. In 1887 he was further promoted to Captain and sent to take charge of Trenton. His reception at this place was far from encouraging. As he stepped off the train a man shouted out, "Satan appeared also!" At the Officers' quarters he found all the windows smashed. The Hall had been treated in a similar manner. He went to work, however, to fix things up, and though at first he was mobbed on the streets, he stuck to the fight and had the satisfaction at last of seeing the tide turn in his favour. A good work was thereafter carried on, and many bad characters got converted.

At Forest there were difficulties of another sort to be encountered, but after a week of prayer and self-denial a blessed revival broke out, and many souls were saved. Altogether the Major officered twelve Corps, whilst he was a Captain. When stationed at London, Ont., he married Captain Bella Stubbs, an officer who came out of Wilketton, and successfully commanded several Corps. They were sent to Windsor, Ont., and from there they went to Guelph, with the rank of Ensign, and with a District to supervise as well as a Corps. Several District Commands in Ontario followed. In 1890 came promotion to Adjutant, and then they were transferred to the Eastern Province. After terms of service at Moncton, Sydney, and Yarmouth, they were sent to Bermuda. Long years of arduous lab in the Army having somewhat affected their health, they were granted a furlough en route to Canada.

The Major improved the shining hour by taking up a course of study in architecture. He was thus enabled a year or so later to keep an appointment in the Property Department as Building Superintendent. For the last nine years he has been at T. H. Q., and some of the finest buildings that the Army possesses in Canada have been erected according to his plans. He was promoted to Staff-Captain in 1902, and to Major in 1908.

MAJOR and MRS. MOORE.

MAJOR DAVID MOORE entered the Field from Clinton, Ont., in 1886. He spent his Cadet days at Guelph. On being promoted to Captain's rank, he was sent in charge of Teeswater. Seven other Ontario Corps he commanded, and then he was appointed J. S. Secretary for the Central Ontario Province with Headquarters at Woodstock. Another secretarial appointment resulted in his transfer to Ottawa.

In 1893 he was promoted to Ensign and became District Officer at Belleville. Ten other District Commands followed - all of them in Ontario; then came his marriage to Ensign Ottawa at Ottawa. This event tempted the newspaper men to make a queer play upon words, and the next morning the residents of the city were surprised to see a bold headline to the effect that "Ottawa Was No Moore."

Mrs. Moore is a native of the town of Barrie. She was converted in the year 1888 when Captain (now Colonel) Addie was in charge of the Corps. Accepted for Officership shortly afterwards, she was trained at Yorkville, and then sent as a Lieutenant to Essex. More Corps work followed, and then came promotion to Ensign and the oversight of Petrolia District, Guelph next, and then she went to Winnipeg as a Financial Special. In little less than a year she succeeded, in conjunction with two other Comrades, in raising over \$80,000.00 for a new Citadel.

After her marriage she accompanied her husband to Kingston, where they had charge of the Corps and District. Then came Peterboro at which place they stayed nearly two years. When they farewellled the Corps arranged a great send-off demonstration and the Band played them to the station at midnight, and waited nearly an hour for the train on a bitter winter's night.

That was nine years ago. Major and Mrs. Moore have been in Montreal ever since. For a time the Major was Chancellor of the East Ontario Province, and then he was appointed Financial Representative, which position he fills at the present time.

MAJOR and MRS. FINDLAY.

MAJOR FINDLAY is a Scotchman by birth, his native town being Glasgow. Early in life, however, he went to London and was converted at the Regent Hall Corps while still a boy.



The Chief Secretary prays with a comrade

His career as an Officer has been chiefly confined to International Headquarters, where he was First Secretary to our present Commissioner, and then to Commissioner Hay. He was then transferred to the Department which has the arranging of the General's tours. Later, he became Divisional Officer for Norwich, removing thence to Cardiff. This appointment was followed by the Chancellorship of the Training College Province. In November, 1903, he was married to Adj. L. Dixon, an officer of the British Field. Mrs. Major Findlay was converted at Guelph L. where she went to the meetings with 87 others. For seven years she served faithfully as a Soldier.

The farewell of a party of Officers for India made a great impression on her, and she began to wonder whether she ought not to become an Officer. The impression deepened to a conviction, but still she hesitated. One day, in a Holiness Meeting, she breathed an earnest prayer to God for guidance. She was very conscious of her shortcomings and weaknesses, and the difficulties in her path seemed insurmountable, but she felt that the time had come for her to make a definite decision. She resolved to unquestioningly obey the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and as her comrades were singing "Thou Art Enough for Me," she publicly consecrated her life to God as an Officer of The Salvation Army. From that hour her difficulties gradually melted away, and in due course she entered the Training Home. She was strik-

ingly successful as a Field Officer, and commanded such well known Corps as Scarborough, Brighton, Hull, Nunhead, and Hamley. Whether in the Provinces, in London, or on the Training Home Staff, God set His seal on her labours, and she won many souls to Christ.

Major and Mrs. Findlay arrived in Canada in the Fall of 1909, the Major being appointed Private Secretary to the Commissioner at T. H. Q., and Mrs. Findlay having the oversight of the Rosedale Lodge for domestics.

MAJOR and MRS. CREIGHTON.

MAJOR DAVID CREIGHTON has been an Officer of The Salvation Army since 1885. In the Fall of that year he left his native village of Waterford, N.B., and proceeded to St. John, where he assisted the Officer in charge of that Corps, and gained his first experiences of Field Work. He became a Captain and had charge of several Corps where revivals broke out.

Woodstock, Ont., St. Thomas, and Kingston were other places where similar revivals occurred. At the latter town the Major had the unpleasant experience of being locked up for preaching on the street. Belleville and Lippincott were his next two Corps. Then, after a furlough at home, he was sent to Yarmouth, N.S., and from there to New Glasgow and Montreal L. From the latter place he farewelled to proceed to Woodstock, Ont., for the purpose of getting married to Lient. Dixon. His wife had joined the Army in 1883, and became an Officer after several years' service at her home Corps of Woodstock, during which time she held various Local Officer's positions. She was trained at Yorkville in 1891, and was stationed at Drayton, Tilsonburg, and Strathroy. Throughout her married life Mrs. Creighton has ever been an active helper to her husband, sharing with him the responsibilities of Corps and District work, as well as bringing up their family of five children.

On promotion to Staff-Captain he was appointed to the Chancellorship of the East Ontario Province. Later he was appointed to the Immigration Department, and in this connection did some pioneer work in the Maritime Provinces and New Ontario, besides making four trips to the Old Country. On promotion to Major he was appointed to T. H. Q., where at the present time he is assistant to the Immigration Secretary.

MAJOR and MRS. MCGILLIVRAY.

MAJOR JOHN MCGILLIVRAY became an Officer in 1888, coming out of Milton, Ont. His Cadet days were spent at Stouffville and St. Catharines. In the following year he was promoted to Lieutenant and sent to Welland. Soon after he was further promoted, and as a Captain, sent in charge of Porkill. In 1889 he became a scribe at the Hamilton Divisional Headquarters, and in the following year he was transferred to London, Ont., in a similar capacity. Returning to the Field he was stationed at Montreal and Ottawa. In 1893 he was promoted Ensign and appointed District Officer for Barrie. Similar appointments followed at Kingston and Peterboro. Then came a period of service with the Naval Brigade, which had been formed to travel on the Great Lakes and conduct meetings at various centres. During this time he was promoted Adjutant. More District work followed, and he was stationed successively at St. John, New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, Halifax, Fredericton, Borden, and London. After this long period of service in the Field he was appointed Chancellor of Newfoundland and promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain. In 1905 he was appointed Immigration Representative for the West Ontario Province, with Headquarters at London.

Later on he was transferred to Ottawa on similar work. Promoted Major in 1908 he was given the St. John Divisional Command, which was followed by another appointment as Immigration Representative at London. Mrs. McGillivray was formerly Captain Graham; she has been an active helper of her husband in all his appointments. They have four children.

Mrs. Walters is naturally a good-humoured soul; when she becomes effusively excited she is overbearing.

She witnessed a sight to although devils, and the it, looked on and laughed, one day intoxicated, and her adversary a woman he wore long fringe vitriolic speech Mrs. such for the spare woman, lay in her facial form, double chin, a nose inward, and a large bolded her to express the except without uttering a It put it, she could speak.

able chin, the celestials mouth express more in than they did on this asp was also heightened forefinger of stern opponent, but the spare and the flow of abusive Surprised, but not cast resolved to try the vice.

She went for her hat, was undeniably on her. She lacked the clair-adversary. The two women were equal and no sooner did they engaged in fistfights some general.

weaknesses of Mrs. being natively about the needless, her looks made warious, to say nothing dilution owing to drink ing, for on making a "road" her mobile for at any attempt on our "great was the fall" for man. Mrs. Walters at

tempted in vain to rise and renew the fray; one of her legs refused its usual office. It was broken!

In her way, Mrs. Walters was a kind-hearted woman, and before offering which she saw it as well as fine slender means would permit, hence she had great sympathy with those who did likewise. When the Slum Officers visited Angel Alley, Mrs. Walters was very curious to know what they did. She made enquiries. Each of them had satisfactory results for the Slum. "So," shortly afterwards a group of girls, in a ring if she knew anything about the salvation gels," received the following unusually characteristic reply:

"Yes," said Mrs. Walters of course she knows 'em well. "Wiv' wasn't they Slum Officers wot found old Jones when he'd fallen down in a fit, wh' would he start in there Salvation gels 'dint' assumed 'im, if my wif, 'm wif grub an' little things, 'm washed 'im. In coarse they was. As didn't they git 'im, too, to the hospitalmen?"

"Yes, I knows 'em an' likes 'em. An', swep me bolt, if I ears any kids a scolding 'em, I give them kids wot for, and no heah!" Mrs. Walters was destined to have a much closer acquaintance with the Slum Officers.

We have said that Mrs. Walters had suffered much through drink. She had, in this way: Walters, the husband, as well as his wife, was very quarrelsome when in his cups; also a hard-hitter. Not once, nor twice, but many times did the Walters' children fly into the court, while screams and oaths told of squalid beatings perpetrated within the wretched home. After such times, Mrs. Walters went about for several days with blackened eyes or badly bruised cheeks.

Mrs. Walters was not wild one night till a thoroughly domesticated person. She had grown wild in a court full old enough to work in a factory, and in a factory she worked till she was married and the family had become numerous. It is not surprising therefore, to know that she was not a wise mother nor a useful wife. She was, in fact, the opposite to the people at the power-shut very well known. Nearly everything she possessed had been pawned to "raise the wind" of one time or another. The last thing she had pawned was Mr. Walters' best coat. She had often pledged it before, when she got short in the middle of the week, but this week it was specially important. Walters had been out of work for the whole week, and on Saturday afternoon, the usual thirst coming upon him, he became tempestuous, resolved to pawn his Sunday coat and have a long-drawn-out drink. Trusting to Mr. McWherter, for "something to lean on" next week.

Having got out of work had received a short notice in Mr. Walters' hands, and told the same results in the case of less work, and she had earlier in the week told the punch of twenty grip so tightly that she had pawned the coat, and had been unable to get it out again.

To say that a scene followed this discovery by Mr. Walters is all but idle. It was a howling tempest, and rightly as violently as her beaten wife was hopped up, violently as her portly form would admit through the doorway into the court, and then dashed with sudden and sudden death of the ever came there again.

To do a man out of his Saturday night's house was an act that merited the utmost

The Canadian Christmas War Cry.

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figure of an enraged brute.

Bruised and sorrowful, Mrs. Walters wandered aimlessly through the night, and then as day was breaking, overcome with weariness, sank down on a doorstep and fell asleep.

PART II.—MRS. WALTERS—REGENERATE

How long Mrs. Walters slept on the doorstep she could not tell, but it was broad daylight when she was awakened by someone tapping her on the shoulder.

At first, he thought it was a policeman; when rubbing her eyes, she found herself gazing into the kindly face of a Slum Salvationist, who was on her way to the Sunday evening camp drill. She asked Mrs. Walters to accompany her. Poor Mrs. Walters, knowing nothing but good of the "Barney," was glad to do so.

The little slum prayer meeting was the most religious meeting that Mrs. Walters had attended for more years than she could remember.

The hearty singing and earnest praying produced a great impression upon the poor, miserable woman, and when the Captain came and talked to her personally about her life and sorrows, and how ready the good Lord was to wipe away her tears and change

to take her into her own house.

But her children lay heavy on the mother's heart. What was I to do my darling, and "Liza the baby"? So, leaving the consequences of her daring, the mother set out for her slum home. She washed the children and sent them to school; then she cleaned the house more thoroughly than ever it had been before, and prepared some supper for her husband against his return, taking good care, however, to leave the house before his arrival.

She did this for a whole month, during which time the stern man's heart was undergoing a softening process.

One day he called little Tommy to him, and said, "Will you never be here to-day, sonny?"

"Sonny? she comes evry dy. Why doesn't she st'le 'em albus, daddy?"

"Do yer likk she'd like ter be at 'ome albus, boy?"

"Oh, crikey, yes! She cried when she kissed me and went awy last night."

"S'cuse, old dad, don't the 'ouse look nice nah, eh? Muver's albus a-washin' and cleanin'!"

"Well, look here, kiddy, you tell yer muver to wad till I comes home ter-night. I wants ter see 'er, and don't yer forget it!"

Tommy duly told his mother, and, in consequence, she sang a joyful hymn songs all day. Perhaps her husband was going to take her back again, she thought. The Lord was about to answer her prayers. Again she burst into song to express her gratitude to God.

"When the evenin' comin' in, kime," says Mrs. Walters, "my heart kept a-flutterin' an' a-flutterin'; up in my mouth, and then down in my bouds. I fell summat like a gal goin' ter meet her sweet-heart, and a gal wolf's goin' ter git a fiskin' from her muver—love and fear all mixed up togevor."

"At last I heard 'is step along the abey, and then in 'e kime."

"He give me a look wot I couldn't make enyink' out av, 'Tommy,' sez as 'ow you wanted ter see me,' sez I."

"I did," sez I, "as it seems as if you don't want ter see me, albus a-runnin' awy after I gits 'ome!"

"Well, Bill," sez I, "if you wants me ter stop, I'll be glad ter do so, and be a good wife to yer, and look well after the kids." Wit that he ter knobs me by hopin' "is harm's an' cryin' atit."

"Ria, I'm nah spahber couldn't do it on my eat; but what I say in the words of the pote is the gospel truth. I means it an' no kiddin'! Wit that he checks a batthead, and wiv a voice wos'n a hoochie on a race-course, sings, whookin' and poindin' at me!"

"She's just about the sweetest, purtiest and neatest

Damer in the wide, wide world."

"An' arter that we kissed, and 'twas all right again."

We will conclude this sketch by saying that a few months afterwards Mr. Walters was led to give his heart to God in the Slum barracks and the children have all become Junior Soldiers, except two of the bigger ones. Mrs. Walters says that she has great hope for their salvation.

They are still living in Angel Alley, because their rent is so dear and houses are so scarce; but as they do not spend their money in beer, they can afford to rent another room.

The family group has just been photo-



The company was also brightened by a tea Tipped Pat Fore-Ringer of scorn directed at the Pringed Ornament.



The Canadian Christmas War Cry.



"He was working in the woods when conviction seized him."

(Continued from Page 6)
went home rejoicing, to tell her relatives and friends of the wondrous change God had wrought. Her father's prayers were answered.

Jennie's new-found faith was a source of much consolation to her during the trying period that followed her conversion, when day after day went by and still no news came of her husband or her father. She prayed much and earnestly, and her comrades of the Corps united in prayer with her for the safety of her loved ones. Truly does the fisherman's wife know the full meaning of the poet's words, "Men must work and women must weep, while the harbour bar is moaning."

Another six weeks went by, and it began to be whispered around the outport that Jim Long and his father-in-law must have lost their lives in the ice. If they had been wrecked and had managed to escape safely to shore, it was argued, they would surely have sent a telegram to their friends ere this. So it became the generally accepted opinion that the two men would return to their home no more, and they were mourned as dead by the whole of the outport's inhabitants.

It is Sunday afternoon once more—a bright, sunny day this time. The meeting at the Army Hall is about half through. Brother Long (Jim's father) has just

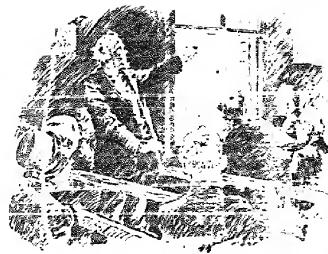
arisen to his feet to testify. He glances out of the window across the calm waters for a moment. Then he gives a startled cry and dashes out of the building. The rest of the congregation follow to see what is the matter. The old man is pointing seaward. "There—there she is!" he exclaims, "coming round the headland—my boy's schooner—I'd know it among a thousand!"

The news quickly flies round the outport, and soon everybody is rushing down to the wharf to welcome the long lost seafarers.

"Thank God they're to him," cries old Mr. Long. "God has answered our prayers and brought them back as it were from the dead."

What a lot there was for Jim to tell that night as he sat by his wife's side in the midst of a happy circle of relatives and friends.

"We were out two months and a half," he said, "and took n'or a seal. Then we got caught in the ice and a big gale from the nor'west struck us. Two weeks was we smashin' up and down in the ice with all our boats gone and our bulwarks stovin' in. We none of us ever thought we'd see him agin. At last, however, we got hir nose to the gale and after lyin' to for a few days the gale rounched, and we managed to reach the near-



"There—there she is!" he exclaims.

est pint o' land, half full o' water. My, them last few days was cruel—no sleep for any of us and hard work at the pumps all the time. What was worse still, however, we found ourselves on a part of the coast where we had no chance whatever of getting a message through, and we knew all the time that folks would be worrying about us. It took us five days to get things fixed up, and then we made a quick run for him, and here we are, with nary a white coat for all our trouble.

"Never mind, Jim," said Jennie cheerily. "Thank God you escaped with your life."

Then she told him what had happened since he had been away how she had got converted and joined The Salvation Army.

"That's right, gal," said Jim. "It's best to be religious. I'll come to meeting with you next Sunday."

Jim went, heard his wife pray for him, got deeply convicted and before the day closed he also had made his peace with God.

In spite of his terrible experiences, he went to the ice for many years after that, and had considerable success. God blessed him with several children whom he and his wife are training up to be good Salvation Army soldiers. And one of the halting stories they like the most is about Daddy's memorable trip to the ice and how God answered prayer in delivering him from great peril and bringing him back safe to Mamma.



"During the long winter evenings, they would all gather together for a social chat."

PRAYING LEAGUE.

Pray that the poor and needy may have a happy Christmas, and that the sorrowful may be comforted by Divine consolation.

SUNDAY, Dec. 24th. Encouraged by God, Psalm 23:1-6; xv: 4-6.

MONDAY, Dec. 25th. Don't Build Alone, Psalm 25:1-5; xxviii: 1-8.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26th. Sing As You Go, Psalm 26:1-3; cxlvii: 1-6; cxlviii: 1-8.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27th. Searcher of Hearts, Psalm 39:1-2.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28th. Not Dark in the Lord, Psalm cxlii: 1-7.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29th. The Glory of the Lord, Psalm cxlv: 1-21.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30th. Kindness of the Lord, Psalm cxlvii: 1-10; cxlviii: 1-11.

"THE SAME JESUS."

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who . . . is set down at the right hand of God."

The following incidents will bring encouragement to our Prayer League Circle, ever to remember our motto, "pray without ceasing." At least this is my desire in passing on a little personal reminiscence, with my warmest Christmas greeting and good wishes for each one who reads this note at the festive time:

Some years ago I had the privilege of sharing in the provincial command of the

Western Province. The Women's Rescue Work in Winnipeg, Man., had been in operation for a short time, but the little cottage was inadequate to the demands, and the dear Officers were much hampered for want of room. Houses were scarce, rents were high. Nevertheless an attempt was made to obtain larger premises. House agents were visited, and the matron and the writer walked for many days in what proved a fruitless search. At last we found an empty house. In comparison with the tiny cottage we occupied it seemed spacious and roomy. We entered, found it commodious. Especially were we impressed with one large sunny room. "Our day nursery" we exclaimed. "How delightful for our little ones!" The tears ran down our cheeks. We were sure this room must become ours. We knelt in it to pray. But first for our hopes, the agent, when found, informed us the house was not to be rented. It must be sold. We could not raise the necessary funds to buy, so we went sadly away and prayed. We returned in a day or two, and finally the agent consented to lease the house, but at terms far beyond our means, for we had not then succeeded in obtaining private and government grants. Again we were disappointed. Again we prayed earnestly. Finally to our delight, we leased the house for a term of years. Its bright rooms shone with the voices of happy children and rescued girls. It was a decided answer to prayer. Hundreds of dear unfortunate ones were saved, the house was purchased, and grants to the work were made by the city and government. The growing needs of the work, however, made this Home quite inadequate, and the magnificent Grace Hospital rose to meet them. But that little group of

pioneer Officers and that first prayer meeting in the empty house will ever be a sweet memory and a blessed assurance that He does answer prayer.

A large new Home had been secured and was in readiness for the formal opening when the present writer arrived in the early morning at the busy City of Montreal. The Matron (Adj't), now Staff-Cap. Holmes, and myself were having a cup of tea, while questions and answers as to progress were being freely exchanged. Concerning the financial side, I said: "I have been praying that we might open the Home to-day free of debt." "Yes," replied the Adj't, "and so have I and my Officers also, and I am glad to say everything is paid for except some alterations and improvements which cost fifty dollars, and I believe we shall have that before the opening."

Just then the early postman's knock sounded through the hall.

"Just one letter," announced a young Officer, as she brought it and laid it upon the table. It was addressed to "The Salvation Army," so the matron passed it to me to open. Imagine our pleasure when we found that the envelope contained fifty dollars, and a scrap of paper upon which were inscribed the simple words, "For Jesus' sake."

It was a sweet answer to prayer, and when it was announced at the opening service that we began our work in the splendid new Home quite free of debt the most influential friends present were much delighted, and responded liberally towards its maintenance. And as a reminder of God's great goodness the writer keeps the envelope and paper amongst her treasures.

Will You



T has been said that tens of thousands The Salvation Army increase of population.

It is encouraging who have made Provincial Government not only in its important

We have pleasure

His Excellency

"There are many Canadian heroes."

Sir JAMES P. VILLE

"The results of The Army have been excellent."

Sir EDWARD MACKENZIE

"Your work is the very best."

H. W. ROWELL, M.D.

"We welcome the hearty and

Dr. WILBUR CHAPMAN

"I believe in your work so thoroughly that I have seen, to do for you and you financially; they could not

We are great

our financial appeals in the quicker onward march is the in hand. WILL YOU HELP?

Let none refrain prepared to give be small,

You can assist

In addition to the Act of Incorporation, b

The following

last Will. I give, devise, and such property to The Salvation Army transferred to The Salvation Army.

I appoint (give name)

Signed and acknowledged

Signed by the above both, being present at the same time, and have hereunto subscribed our names.

Printed through the courtesy of the printer.

Will You Be One of Our Friends?

T has been said that the Twentieth Century belongs to Canada—undoubtedly it does. The influx of tens of thousands of people each year from all parts of the globe, well supports that contention. The Salvation Army in its various branches, designed to meet many needs, has kept pace with this increase of population and the progress made has been very gratifying indeed.

It is especially cheering to note the marked change in the attitude of the men of influence who have made a closer study of the efforts of The Salvation Army, especially the Dominion, and Provincial Governments, also the Civic Authorities who recognize in The Army a valuable agency, not only in its important religious work, but in all kinds of perplexing, and ever-increasing social problems.

We have pleasure in quoting here a few expressions of appreciation from prominent gentlemen.

His Excellency EARL GREY, former Governor-General of Canada:

"There are many Canadian homes better and happier for the work of General Booth.

Sir JAMES P. WHITNEY, Premier of Ontario:

"The results of The Army have commend themselves to me, and by the results I am satisfied."

Sir EDWARD MORRIS, Premier of Newfoundland:

"Your work is the very best investment of all the powers you possess. It puts money into a Bank that will never fail."

N. W. POWELL, H. C. Chairman Lauman's Missionary

"We welcome the beauty and grace that comes of The Lord's way of life, and we thank God for His love."

ent the hearty and sympathetic co-operation of The Army as one of its

Dr. WILBUR CHAPMAN, the great Evangelist:

in your work so thoroughly, I have studied it in
depth, and I am sure that it is

have seen, to do for you and your cause, everything in my power. I wish I could persuade people of means to aid you financially; they could make no better investment."

our financial appeals in the past, but we find ourselves obliged to put it on record that the present barrier to a quicker onward march is the lack of the necessary funds to enable us to prosecute the various schemes we have in hand. **WILL YOU HELP?**

Let none refrain from associating themselves with us as our friends—even if the amount they are prepared to give be small, it will help.

You can assist by remembering us when you make your will.

In addition to cash subscriptions and bequests, all kinds of property, without exception, can, under the Act of Incorporation, be legally bequeathed for charitable, or other purposes, to The Salvation Army.

The following form of legacy is recommended:

(Please give full Name) **of** **(Place of Broadcast)** **make this my**

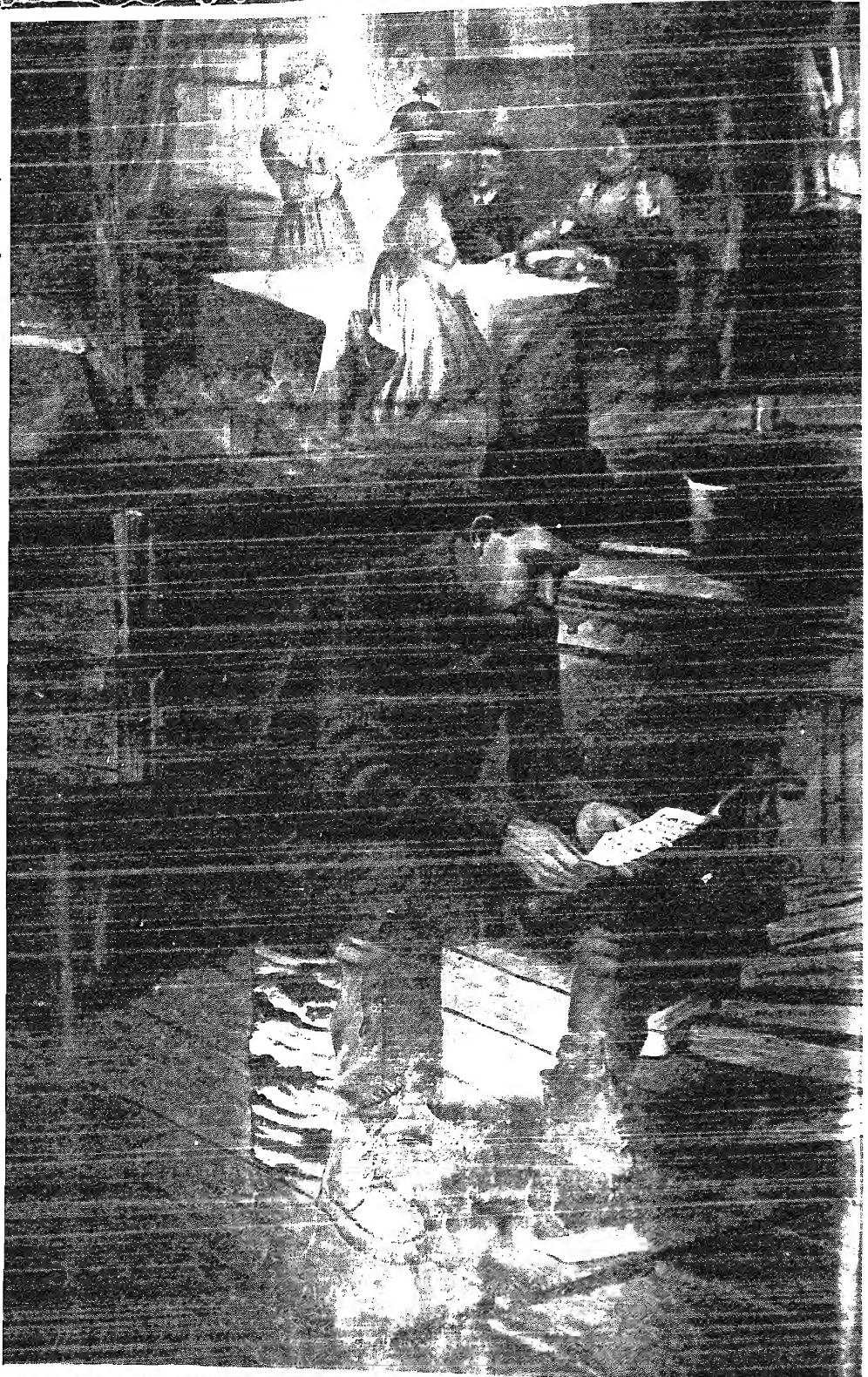
last Will. I give, devise, and bequeath here state whether cash or property, and if the latter, give full particulars concerning such property) to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada, and I will and direct that such be paid over or transferred to The Salvation Army in Canada.

I appoint (give name) of (give residence) executor of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this (date) day of (month).

A.D. 19.

Signed by the above-named..... as his last will in the presence of us both, being present at the same time, who in his presence and in the presence of each other, and, at his or her request, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.



THE "LUMBERJACK'S" CHRISTMAS LETTER.